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PRESIDENT WILSON sailed for Europe under a great clamor of warning voices from candid friends and uncandid enemies. It was noisily feared and hoped that he would fail, to his own destruction and the humiliation of the American people. On his return the President will meet a very different mood. Nobody but the egregious Mr. Beck would have the effrontery to assert that the President's mission was a failure. The public and Congress may not yet be ready to accept the project of a League of Nations which embodies the chief results of the President's labors. But neither are they ready to reject it. There is today an open-mindedness toward President Wilson on the part of his political opponents such as has not existed since the enforced unity of the war was broken. It is not fair, perhaps, to infer much as to Republican feeling from Mr. Taft's hearty commendation of the proposed constitution of the League. Mr. Taft is not a politician, and cares more for the good of his country than for partisan advantage. That, however, is the disposition of the rank and file of both parties, and it is with the rank and file that the President will rest his case.

THE Overman Committee is doing well to investigate the rumors of Bolshevist propaganda in this country. If an alien political party is spending money to influence public opinion in favor of Bolshevist methods, the American people ought to know it. But the American people also ought to know whether an alien political party is spending money to influence public opinion against the Bolsheviki. Who supplied the money for the propaganda that got us into our futile Russian intervention? If Albert Rhys Williams is an official propagandist, what is A. J. Sack? All the propagandists on every side ought to be made publicly known. There is nothing inherently wrong in propaganda, but certainly the American people have a right to know what opinions are derived from paid sources and what opinions are free. Beyond this, if the Overman Committee wants the truth, it is bound in honor to avoid the appearance of handpicked witnesses. It has heard one of the most honored followers of Kerensky, the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." It may, if it wishes, secure a deposition from Kerensky, long detained in England through inability to secure a passport, or from Lomonosoff, one of the Kerensky mission to this country. It can hear Raymond Robbins, Thatcher, Colonel Thompson. It will, too, if it is after the truth and not itself an organ of propaganda.

THROUGHOUT last summer there was a good logical, if a bad moral, reason why the American press should have given acres and acres of white paper to the misrepresentation of Russian conditions. We were about to intervene, or were actually intervening, and nobody could say how far intervention might go. In obedience to the principle, My country, right or wrong; and if she is wrong, let not us her sons acknowledge it, a great many Americans, not in any way connected with the paid interventionist propaganda, made a duty out of blackening Russia. What is the use of doing that now, when it has been officially agreed upon, among the Allied governments, to withdraw from

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Archangel as soon as the spring opens the Arctic seas? Intervention was a folly; it is now a dead folly, whether the Senate Committee and the press are willing to see it or not. Even the French have begun to see that if they wish to exert any influence upon the future development of Russia they will have to drop their extreme views. The British are busily knitting friendly relations with the Russian people. If we do not take care, we, who set out to be the truest and most disinterested of the friends of Russia, will find ourselves in the end hated by the Russians as their most designing and implacable foe.

ONE of the most important signs of the times is the new interest exhibited by the churches in the industrial problem. The latest evidence of this tendency toward broader views is afforded by the report of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council. This report urges the permanent retention of the National War Labor Board and the National Employment Service, advocates equal pay for equal work for women and men, insurance against old age, sickness, unemployment, heavy taxes on incomes and excess profits. It defends the right of labor to organize and urges a recognition of the right of workers to take part in the management of industry and eventually in the ownership. It is opposed to anything savoring of a collectivist organization, but demands substantial modification of the present system, which produces "insufficient incomes for a great majority of wage earners and unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists." If this sort of thing goes on unchecked we shall soon arrive at a pass where the real standpatter will be quite unable to find a spiritual fold.

MONTANA State University appears to be dominated by that wretched kind of sycophant of big business that any far sighted corporation manager would be glad to throw to the wolves. For years it has been a notorious fact that in Montana taxes are levied in inverse proportion to ability to pay. On this principle the Anaconda Copper Mining Company has got off with an assessed valuation of about one quarter of its true valuation, while other property has been assessed at valuations ranging all the way from thirty-five per cent up to sixty per cent. We doubt that there was any well informed citizen of the state who was not aware of this discrimination. Most persons believed that it was greater, but nobody seemed inclined to do anything about it. But now, because Dr. Louis Levine, a scholar of unimpeachable reputation, has published a monograph on the Taxation of Mines in Montana, exhibiting the facts in the case, he is suspended from the professorship of economics in the State University, for "insubordination." He had made the study under the auspices of the university, with the intent of publishing it as a university bulletin. Apparently because they feared that the Anaconda Company would be displeased, the president of the university and the State Board of Education decided that the study should not be published by the university. Dr. Levine then announced that he would publish it himself. The president forbade him to do so, but since as a self-respecting scholar he could not consent to being muzzled, Dr. Levine published the monograph, with the result already noted. The Anaconda Company would be wise to insist on his reinstatement. Dr. Levine cannot possibly injure them so much by telling the truth about their tax dodging as the university has injured them by trying to suppress it.

ACCORDING to President Butler of Columbia, as reported by one of the interviewers, the constitution of the League of Nations, in its present form, "is as clumsy a bit of workmanship as the history of international agreements affords. . . . Prolixity and diffuseness as well as bad arrangement make it hard to read and difficult to understand." If Dr. Butler really finds this draft of the constitution hard to understand, that is the fault of the men who did the drafting. As Mr. Godkin used to say, when he was editing the Evening Post: "It is my fault if one of my editorials contains one sentence which is not clear to the office boy."

GOPAL SINGH, Hindu revolutionary, was convicted of violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, and sentenced to one year in prison. On February 23rd his sentence expires, and, according to our present methods of dealing with undesirable aliens, he will be deported to India, there to suffer whatever penalties may be imposed for participation in revolutionary activity. Thus, in effect, we shall extradite a political prisoner, although we pretend to accord the right of asylum as any other free nation does. Suppose that we had a revolutionary party in the Philippines and that some of its members escaped to England; would there be any method by which our Philippine government could make England surrender them for punishment? None whatever: the British have too keen a sense for the meaning of liberty to permit it to be whittled away by administrative devices. If Philippine revolutionists in England violated the British neutrality laws, they would be arrested and sent to jail. If their continued presence in the country were regarded as un

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desirable, they would be ordered to leave, and find asylum elsewhere if they could. That is as far as we can go, ourselves, as a freedom loving people. We ought not to permit plotting here against friendly governments. But neither ought we to help foreign governments in hunting down men charged with political offenses. That is to set precedents we shall have occasion to regret.

WHILE the United States is doing little more than salvage its war housing ventures, Canada is proceeding boldly with a reconstruction housing plan. The sum of $25,000,000 has been voted by the Dominion government, to be loaned to the provincial governments and through those governments to the municipalities, for the provision of model dwellings. In Canada, as in the United States, building operations had been held up by the war, and the pressure for housing, especially in the larger industrial centres, has been severe. There is therefore no question at all that carefully planned municipal housing enterprises can be made to pay. That is equally true of the United States. But we are more solicitous of the interests of the private land speculators and builders, who are counting on a rich harvest after building costs become normal. At the same time we are less solicitous of the interests of the wage earner, who must take what housing he can get, and make up for excessive rents through overcrowding.

THE resolution passed at the American Women's Victory Conference in Washington, D. C., for the representation of women on the Peace Conference, at least as advisers in matters affecting women and children, seems about to succeed. Four of the five great Powers have already granted a similar request from the Inter-Allied Women's Council. One of the first things to be taken up by the women representatives will be the citizenship, or rather the lack of it, of married women. Even the Banat of Temesvar will be allowed some show of choice when it comes to changing the allegiance of its citizens, but millions of women through the irrelevant incident of marriage are forced to a change of citizenship without the slightest consultation in the matter. Self-determination for women has as much on its side as any other application of the principle.

WAR debts have a most disquieting tendency to continue mounting higher though the war is done. We have no doubt that there is financial need for the sums that Secretary Glass wishes Congress to authorize, but a ten billion dollar victory loan, plus ten billions in short term notes, is rather staggering. They need not all be issued, but the very fact that such loans are in contemplation raises a question about the wisdom of the framers of the revenue bill in providing for four billions of taxes for 1920 as against six billions for the present year. Are we ever going to pay off our war debts? Then we had better hang on to our present income and profits schedules as long as we can, revising them upward rather than downward. Such a policy, it may be asserted, would curb business in the period of reconstruction. It goes without saying that business would prosper better if it were delivered of the burden of war taxes. But if we are going to pay off the debt the time to do it is immediately after the war when American business holds a favorable position as compared with that of our foreign competitors.

RIGHT on the spot where the "strike" developed at the Fort Leavenworth disciplinary barracks, Mr. Winthrop D. Lane of the Survey has given a full report of it that saves the incident from being later seriously distorted. This is in some degree a service to the prisoners who organized a protest under such extraordinary circumstances and exhibited such power and self-control. It is more of a service to Colonel Rice, without whose perception and elasticity the strike might have turned the prison-yard into a shambles. Colonel Rice, the commandant, of the prison, grasped the relation of the unrest to the armistice, and even though dealing with insubordinate military prisoners he had the courage to observe those "forms of substantial and eternal justice" which require that a culprit be heard. Many of the officials undoubtedly would have preferred to shoot the prisoners down. But by allowing the strikers to express their grievances and formulate their demands, Colonel Rice gained a control that no display of force could have secured for him.

The Constitution of 1919

MUCH profound thinking is going on among the leaders of the opposition to President Wilson. That may be inferred from the fact that the more crafty among them are keeping quite silent about the proposed constitution of the League of Nations. We may recall the savage outburst of passion and hatred with which the first tentatives toward an armistice discussion with Germany were greeted. At that time the enemies of the President thought they had the country with them in their demand for the ruthless prosecution of the war even against an enemy crying surrender. They were mistaken, and now they know it. President Wilson was in better touch with the temper of the country than they were. And now, distasteful as

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is the thought that the President may actually succeed in bringing about the organization of a world league, the President's opponents recognize that they must observe caution. If the people want a League, there is no secure political future for those who are too conspicuous in the attempt to wreck the project.

Considerations of political safety appear to dictate not a direct attack upon the League constitution as a whole but an attack upon special features of it, with the design of forcing amendments that will lead to its rejection by the Peace Conference itself. As it stands, the constitution of the League appears adequate to the maintenance of the peace. In effect, it perpetuates the existing alliance among Germany's conquerors, and by its provision that states not party to the act of organization can be admitted only by a two-thirds vote of the delegates, there is ample assurance that the League will not be embarrassed from the start by hopelessly discordant elements. An attack upon any member of the League will be an attack upon all the members, and in the clause providing that the Executive Council, in which the Allied Great Powers dominate, "shall determine for the consideration and action of the several governments what military equipment is fair and reasonable in proportion to the scale of forces laid down in the programme of disarmament" there is implied, not merely a check upon overgrown armaments, but a standard below which a nation scrupulous of its obligations will not fall. The League members, it goes without saying, will at all times maintain forces that no non-member nation will dare to challenge. They will distribute their forces in such a way that no member of the League will dare to menace the rest. No one who will read without bias the provisions of the proposed constitution can doubt for a moment that if such an organization had been in existence in 1914 there would have been no war. The Germans almost despaired when they found that England was going in against them. If they had known in advance that not only England, but America, would fight, they would have found the dispute between Austria and Serbia quite justiciable.

It is true that the constitution does not pledge the member states to make war immediately upon a state which chooses the way of aggression. But it does pledge them to non-intercourse with the offending state, and to the succour of any state threatened by reprisals on account of the application of this policy. What will come out of such a condition is plain enough. Any state which shall make war will challenge a world, and a world prepared much better for war than America, or even England in 1914.

Accordingly the League constitution can hardly be attacked successfully as a paper arrangement, a tissue of abstractions. Radical internationalists will point out that it does not go far enough in the direction of international economic and cultural cooperation; that it makes too many concessions to potential imperialism in its handling of the colonial problem; that it makes no provision against trade discriminations, except in relation to the colonies, and even here does not prohibit discrimination against non-members. But such criticism will not be likely to play any considerable part in the attack on the project. If it is employed at all by opponents of the League, it will be merely in a supplementary character. If the League is really to be beaten, it will not be in the name of a more effective internationalism, but in the name of American nationalism, alleged to be impaired by its provisions.

Can the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, bind us permanently by an agreement limiting our right to arm or disarm, forcing us to join in the economic strangulation of an offending state and to participation in military and naval measures, as a last resort? Not except in honor, supported by the advantages of League membership. President Monroe was not able to bind us to an agreement to defend the American continents against conquest and colonization, except in honor, fortified by advantage. There is no constitutional limitation upon the making of any such treaty as the League constitution premises. Later Congresses are free to enact laws that would make its provisions of no effect. But would they? Not if the American people remain sincerely desirous of the world's peace.

But such a League would make us responsible for the peace of Europe. It would involve us in affairs that are of no concern to us. So men will argue in the hope that the American people have learned nothing in the last five years. Was the assassination of Sarajevo of no concern to us? Look at our death lists, and our taxes and debts. Was the Balkan war, which stored the dynamite for the explosion of 1914, of no concern to us? Such an argument needs only to be put to be refuted. The Atlantic is no longer a sufficient moat to insure America against the conflagration of war.

How about the Monroe Doctrine? Will not a Latin American dispute fall under the cognizance of the League of Nations? Shall we not be required to submit to arbitration, or to inquiry by the Executive Council of the League, any dispute that may arise between us and any other American state? Certainly. But what, then, becomes of the Monroe Doctrine?

Those who raise such questions have forgotten that the Monroe Doctrine is not an instrument of

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aggression, guaranteeing that we may have our will with the weaker states of the American continents, but a policy designed to insure the integrity and independence of our sister American states. Those states will become members of the League, unless we interpose our veto, and they will be assured their integrity and independence under the League. We shall have, in effect, what we have tried in vain to secure: the incorporation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine in the law of nations.

The opponents of the President are under the necessity of making the most they can out of an imaginary constitutional restriction, an imaginary American isolation, an imaginary menace to the principles embodied in the Monroe Doctrine. Behind their formal argument will lurk certain real desires, the desire to annex Mexico, to seize positions of imperialistic advantage in world trade, to win industrial profits from overgrown armaments. But these realities they will not dare to exhibit in the light of public discussion. They are fated to meet the sincerities of President Wilson with insincerities and futilities. What are their chances of victory?

Freedom of Speech: Whose Concern?

IF we could accept the popular assumption that every man knows his interest, that every class attitude is rational and directed toward the permanent good of that class, there would be not the least reason for inquiring who are really concerned in the maintenance of free speech. The defense of free speech has become in this country almost a monopoly of the radicals. The conservative classes, with a few honorable exceptions in Congress and in the press, have put away the ancient American faith in freedom. Either they admit frankly that they wish the safe and sane doctrine —their own doctrine—to be protected by the prompt repression of political heresies, or they resort to the hypocritical device of crying up "liberty" as distinguished from "license," which they anathematize and seek to penalize. The follies peculiar to their own views they would condone as liberty; the follies of others they would suppress as "license." This is apparent not only in their words but in their action. We have had many important cases under the Espionage law. Who are the persons that have appeared for the defendants, bent on seeing that in the natural and necessary process of checking disloyalty and sedition the deeper interests of American liberty should take no permanent harm? The radicals. Radical money has financed the defense; radical attorneys have conducted it. The conservative leaders of the American bar, men like Root and Hughes and Parker, have discreetly remained out of sight. Possibly they recognize that American institutions are in jeopardy when even the meanest and most disreputable of agitators are denied their constitutional rights. If they do recognize this they give no sign. American liberty will owe no debt to them.

But is there any reason, other than altruistic, why the conservatives should care to see freedom of speech properly defended? It is not their freedom that is at stake. If all one burns to utter is the doctrine that whatever is must on the whole be right, or the more advanced doctrine that change must come only through insensible gradations, one is not likely to find himself gagged, or, if he should, it would not greatly matter. It is the radicals, the innovators, who run personal risk of trial and imprisonment. Nicholas Murray Butler and Big Bill Haywood are alike in uttering without restraint or reflection whatever comes to their tongues' ends. Nothing ever comes to the end of Butler's tongue that could place his liberty in jeopardy. He is perfectly adjusted to the social-political forces that are still dominant although perhaps in their decline. Bill Haywood can hardly utter a word that does not challenge those forces. His adjustment is to an order still in the hypothetical state, which may never be realized. Therefore Haywood is immediately concerned with freedom of speech, and Butler is not.

But the question is not one that can be decided by reference solely to the immediate personal interests of the Butlers and the Haywoods. The present economic and social system is in no immediate danger of overthrow. It will stand for a while unshaken, whether all agitators are locked up or given perfect freedom to pursue their own devices. It will take time to destroy that system, if it is to be destroyed. If it is to persist, it must be defended through time. Therefore a conservative who wishes to guide his policy by reason will not ask himself how the incarceration of today's crop of agitators will affect matters today. It will not affect them materially. He will ask himself, what will be the effect, a generation hence, of systematic repression inaugurated today? That is the only test that amounts to anything, in fact. And measured by this test, the policy of repression will be found wanting by the conservative who wishes conditions to remain much as they are. The radicals, on the other hand, if they look beyond their own personal interests, will have the best of reasons for welcoming a policy of repression.

There is in America, as there has always been

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in every nation, a sufficiently well defined difference of feeling between the majority who have little or nothing and the minority who have much. The poor have always been discontented, they may not be more discontented now. But in earlier ages the poor were helpless to rebel against their disabilities, except in sporadic, futile uprisings. The possessing classes controlled the arms, and they alone had the education and training by which a political system could be dominated. The monopoly of arms is no longer possible in an age of citizen soldiers. Neither can the possessing class retain a monopoly of education. We have become so numerous upon the earth's surface, our demands for the products of industry have become so extensive, that it is impossible to live under a scheme in which the few are educated and the many illiterate. Even today it is an open question whether the balance of intellectual power would not incline to the side of those who have little or nothing. And the technical requirements of our expanding industry will compel us to improve still more the intellectual equipment of the masses. With the non-possessing class in command of both the numbers and the brains, what chance is there that the possessing class will be left undisturbed in its privileges?

There is only one chance, and that is that it can justify its existence in the opinion of the majority. And that is no small task. It will be necessary for those who enjoy the privilege of wealth to prove that such privilege works, on the whole, to the good of society. They will have to prove it, not only to themselves and to social philosophers sufficiently addicted to abstractions to be entirely neutral, but they will have to prove it to those who have nothing, and are consequently biased against them.

Now, the argument for equality is easy and convincing. Mr. A commands an income that would suffice for all the people of a small city. Mr. A is human: by what title does he enjoy such superfluity, when the many are forced to face toil and anxiety day by day, if not actual want? There is no need of a highly trained agitator to put an argument like this. One street cleaner can wield it skilfully enough to convince the next.

But the argument for inequality is hard, involving many abstractions. Mr. A, you argue, enjoys a superfluity of good things. But through the great corporation he has built up he has performed a great service. No; he did not build up the corporation; his father did that. Mr. A spends his time playing the harp, and he does it very badly. Well, if it had not been for the vision of Mr. A's happiness, his father would not have built up the corporation. Perhaps; but you should have heard the old man's opinion of his son. He meant to disinherit him. And, waiving that, it was not by service but by monopoly that Mr. A senior built up his fortune. Indeed? Still, you cannot attack that fortune without attacking wealth in general, and if you attack wealth in general you paralyze the motives to distinguished service and the forces making for economic progress.

That is, of course, a grotesquely oversimplified example of the kind of argument that would be required to convince even an easy going member of the non-possessing classes of the utility of inequalities of fortune. Much more would be required to convince the obdurate: statistical proofs of the superior position of labor in the midst of great fortunes, historical proofs of the rise of states under capitalism, and the like. We do not say that it can be done. We are not sure that a system of privileges, in which the real services of enterprise and thrift are entangled with the pseudo services of gambling, monopoly, graft and parasitism, can be made plausible to the mass of the unprivileged. But of one thing we are very certain. There is no permanent security for a system involving great economic inequalities or for any part of such a system unless its utility can actually be made plausible to the masses, whose political power is visibly increasing year by year and upon whose action there can be no ultimate limitation except their own good sense.

But the champions of things as they are, can, if they must, control the press, the universities and schools, the pulpit, the Chautauqua circuits, the movies and whatever other means of communication of ideas our civilization has developed. Should they not therefore be able to give their own color to the mass mind? Especially if they are also at pains to suppress opposing ideas, imprison the agents of the opposing propaganda? Let it be remembered, the bias to be overcome is a natural bias, and that the minds to be held in line are suspicious minds. No argument will dominate such minds unless its proponent is obviously free to espouse the opposing argument. There can be no effective defense of the existing system unless thought and speech are absolutely free.

It is for those who believe in the inherent soundness of the existing system to bestir themselves to reopen and keep open the gates of free speech. What if that means turning loose upon the world a flood of wild agitation? The defenders of things as they are will be under no compulsion to remain mute. If they are beaten in the first debate they still have plenty of time to learn to acquit themselves better. It is for those whose desire is revolution to encourage repression. Let it continue, and every defender of the existing order will

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appear in the light of hireling or coward. Brute class interests will in the end clash, and the privileged few are not likely to come away victorious.

In the days of its fatuous pride the Chinese empire conceived the idea of insuring its tranquillity forever by shutting out the northern robbers by a great wall. The flaw in the idea was that the sources of marauding cannot be localized. Every nook and corner of the empire proved capable of generating all the thieves and robbers the state could maintain. The Great Wall served only to produce a false sense of security, under which the police power of the nation disintegrated. Our possessing classes may throw up a Chinese Wall of repression, if they like, instead of meeting argument with argument, on a fair field. The time will come when historians will demonstrate that the method did not pay.

Misjudging France

WHEN Jack, in The Importance of Being Earnest, announces the death of his brother Ernest, the Reverend Canon Chasuble asks whether the interment will take place at the family seat, the Manor House, Woolton, Hertfordshire. Jack answers that it will not, that his brother seems "to have expressed a desire to be buried in Paris." Whereupon Dr. Chasuble shakes his head and exclaims: "In Paris! I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last." Before the war, many Americans thought of France exactly as Dr. Chasuble thought of Paris. Most of us imagined the French as a frivolous people, occupied chiefly with pleasure and immorality. From a few French novels, from the reports of tourists returning after a week spent on the boulevards, we made a legend grotesquely unlike the reality of France. We ignored the antique piety of French family life, the painstaking French passion for truth, the French seriousness and fortitude, the self-denial and industry and tenacity of French workers, whether with head or hands. In our ignorance and carelessness we did a most preposterous injustice to a nation whose more obvious virtues, like clearness, lightness of touch, directness, were such as we were incapable of estimating justly. We found it easier to like peoples that were more longwinded or more solemn. This myth has had its day. The war has killed it. We all know better now. But there is danger that a new myth now in the making will do France an equal though a different injustice. Returning American soldiers are spreading the report that they were overcharged in France, that the French are an extortionate people whose gratitude is soon over. Such reports will do harm all over this country unless we are all willing to take the trouble of understanding what they amount to. Some Frenchmen have overcharged, no doubt, and there has in the past been some official tolerance of these overcharges, there has been a tendency to look upon them as rather natural attempts to get back at retail part of the money the nation has lost at wholesale. Well, what would be the official attitude in this country if we had lost half our wealth? Does anybody suppose our government would not look most indulgently upon money-making? And ought we not in fairness to remember that the comparatively few Frenchmen who have overcharged us come as near as they can to treating other Frenchmen in exactly the same way? Sellers naturally thrifty, bitten by a poverty they have never before known, tempted by the presence of Americans, of two million or more of the nation which has for years enjoyed and suffered from its reputation for buying much and paying high, in such conditions it would be strange if extortion were unknown. But we shall make a silly and mischievous mistake if we impute to a whole race the greed of its sutlers.

As for the charge of ingratitude, are we quite sure that our own conduct has always been such as to make sustained gratitude the easiest thing in the world for the French? We are not as a nation remarkable either for adaptability or for tolerance of foreign customs. If our soldiers in France have never condescended and never bragged they are as much superior to the rest of us in manners as they are in bodily strength. Our national habit is to feel that every unlikeness of French ways to our ways is a proof of French inferiority, and not always to keep this feeling to ourselves. Our criticism, made and received with good humor at first, comes little by little to irritate our hosts, particularly when it takes the shape of insistence upon speed. "Johnny has not only borrowed freely" of French words and phrases, says an editorial in Over Here, "but he has mangled them mercilessly to suit his own purposes, as, for instance, when he dashes into a restaurant and demands two eggs—'the tooter the sweeter.'" More than a million Americans have been dashing into French places and demanding that something be done "the tooter the sweeter." We have let loose our hustling, bustling selves against the leisurely and orderly French. Small wonder if many of them wish they may never hear the words tout de suite again as long as they live.

In this country we cannot realize the predicament of the French, but for the sake of future good relations between the two peoples we must try to realize it. Two or three million Americans have been living in France, under war conditions, in daily

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contact with the natives. These Americans were welcomed upon their arrival as saviors and helpers of France, they have acted like heroes and ministering angels, they remain as visitors who want to go home and who say what they want. No other country in the world has ever had so many visitors, American, English, Canadian, Australian, Belgian, all at the same time. The French liked us at first, they gave us a greeting that was cordial and charming and sincere, but can we reasonably expect them to smile quite as spontaneously as they did in the beginning, now that their supply of smiles has been reduced by time and familiarity and fatigue, and when the deepest desire of their hearts is to have their house to themselves? The average Frenchman is in the position of a householder who should find that some of the firemen, instead of going away when the fire was out, were staying on and on in his sitting-room. He would be more than human if his gratitude were as fresh and lively on the third or fourth day as it had been when the first engine pulled up at his door.

If we, in this country, allow ourselves to believe that because some Frenchmen have overcharged our soldiers therefore all Frenchmen are extortionate, that because our continued presence in France irritates a war-weary people therefore they have forgotten why we came and what we did, we shall misjudge France as grossly and as inexcusably as we did before the war.

The Labor Situation

THE growing volume of unemployment is clear evidence that a serious labor situation is developing in the country. The latest published reports of the United States Employment Service show an increasing surplus of labor both skilled and unskilled in almost every important manufacturing center. The relatively high standard of living, to which the skilled workers attained during the war and toward which the unskilled were rapidly advancing, is threatened. To avert what to them seems an intolerable and unwarranted catastrophe, a number of the more highly organized trades have struck or are about to strike for a reduction in hours and an increase in the hourly wage rate. The war period gave the workers a taste of economic comfort; it gave them a new sense of power; it convinced them that the resources of the country are adequate when intelligently administered to provide every man with a job at more than a bare subsistence wage. They are not going to be thrown back into the old slough of no work, irregular work and low pay without a struggle. This determination was the principal cause of the recent general strike in Seattle, which was not as the papers alleged, a Bolshevist uprising, but a mass protest on the part of all the organized trades of the city against a threatened interference with their rising standard of living. It explains the recent successful strike of the men's clothing workers for the forty-four hour week, the conversion of the railway Brotherhoods to the policy of government ownership, the current strike in the building trades.

In the face of such simple and obvious facts, Congress seems to be trying to mystify the public by working up a hair-raising Bolshevist melodrama to cover its own negligence, sloth and ineptitude. Months before the end of the war, groups of men in the industrial and labor boards which had been created during the emergency, forewarned Congress and the administration of the dangers that must attend planless military and industrial demobilization. They knew that the rate of production in the country's basic industries, such as steel, copper and lumber had been keyed up to an abnormal pitch and that any sudden interruption of war contracts would upset the market, depress prices and throw great numbers of men out of work; they knew that the evils of unemployment among the men who had been gathered into the war industries would be greatly aggravated by the planless release of the millions in the army; they knew that the end of the war would give rise to problems requiring as careful preparation and as devoted patriotism for their solution as the problems of military mobilization. They urged the extension and strengthening of the public employment service, a national programme of public works to take up the slack and steady the situation while the business world was readjusting itself to the conditions of peace, the gradual cancellation of war contracts instead of a precipitate curtailment of government expenditure, a reasonable attempt to coordinate military demobilization with the ascertained demand for workers. But all these suggestions were classified under the head of reconstruction, and reconstruction was taboo. To discuss post-war conditions while the war was on would dampen the military spirit and jeopardize victory. So Congress did nothing. Directly the armistice was signed most of the important industrial and labor boards which had done so much to steady the country during the war were dished. The harness was tossed off. The country was thrown back into the chaos of *laissez faire*. As a result unemployment is rapidly increasing, industrial unrest is growing steadily more acute, strikes are multiplying, and all these inevitable consequences of its own short-sighted neglect, Congress is attempting to lay at the door of a mysterious and vaguely pervasive

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Bolshevist propaganda. In these troubled times, melodrama is very poor ballast for the ship of state.

Whatever the truth about conditions in Russia may be, whether or not the Bolsheviki have fulfilled their large promises to the Russian workers and peasants, it should be obvious that the piling up of indictments against Lenine and Trotsky will not alter the fact that our own steel industry is facing an extremely difficult situation, that our copper industry is at a loss to dispose of the billion pound surplus that it heaped up during the war, that western lumber manufacturers, in their patriotic attempt to live up to the agreement into which they entered with their employees months ago under the inspiration of General Disque, are piling up stacks of cut lumber for which they are unable to find a market. Condemnation of the inefficiencies of the Soviet regime will not help us to straighten out our tangled railroad problem, or to decide upon a permanent policy with respect to telegraphs and telephones, or to make a wise disposition of our shipyards and our new merchant fleet. Certainly it will not solve our own menacing problem of unemployment or feed the hundreds of thousands of discharged soldiers who are being sent out of the camps at random to drift back into communities where there are already more men than jobs. By its failure to face the facts of our own threatening labor situation, Congress is doing more to prepare the ground for the varieties of radical propaganda which it loosely lumps under the melodramatic title of Bolshevism than an army of agitators could accomplish even if they possessed the fabulous sums of money which the Bolshevists are alleged to be scattering broadcast out of the late Tsar's hidden treasure chests.

During recent weeks, a committee of the Senate over which Senators Kenyon and Hollis have presided has been holding public hearings with a view to the preparation of bills for the amelioration of our industrial disorders. These hearings and the tentative proposals of the committee have not been of a character to attract much attention either in Congress or in the press. They have not reached the ears of the unemployed workers, neither have they been effective in convincing the organized men who are keeping a precarious hold on their jobs that Congress is deeply in earnest in seeking remedial legislation. Their scepticism has not been helped by the shelving of Senator Kenyon's bill, calling for a commission on emergency employment with an appropriation of $100,000,000. The apparent willingness of Congress to let matters drift from bad to worse is breeding a sullen and rebellious temper among the wage-earners. The general strike in Seattle may be partially set down to the peculiarly American and self-assertive temperament of the skilled workmen of the Pacific Coast; the labor of the coast towns from Seattle to Los Angeles has always been radical, not in the European, but in the old American revolutionary sense. But this does not account for the tone of the resolutions adopted by the Chicago Federation of Labor last Sunday, which call for a general strike of union labor on April first, the date of the next municipal election, for the purpose of aiding the new Labor Party ticket by giving the workers "a day off on making profits for the bosses." That phrase sounds a new note in the slogans of the conservative unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The leaders of the Chicago unions are not of the Pacific coast type. For years, they have kept the safe balance between the extremes of conservatism and radicalism in the conventions of the A. F. of L. They have not been accustomed to argue their case in terms of the "class war." They have been advocates of collective bargaining, of cooperation between employers and workers; not opponents of the wage system. When they begin to talk about taking "a day off on making profits for the bosses," it is reasonable to infer that discontent with existing industrial conditions is crystallizing into a militant class consciousness even among conservative American workmen.

In the face of the mounting volume of unemployment and the critical situation confronting our basic industries, Congress can hardly be said to be giving the country its best service by attempting to divert public attention from real evils at home to alleged evils in Russia which at worst have remote interest to jobless and hungry men and women and children. It would seem to be time for Congress to take its responsibilities for the welfare of American industry and American labor seriously.

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The League and Its Mandates

DUTIES and tasks crowd upon the League of Nations while it is still a project; but there is one function which nearly all its architects are agreed to deny it. It will not attempt to create any direct international administration of territory. It is true that Powers which have tried to set up a *condominium* over unsettled or disputed territory have usually left a record of failure behind them. Combined administrations are usually weak, and unenterprising, and are regarded by diplomacy chiefly as a transitional stage that prepares the way for partition. Any attempt to mix British, French, Belgian and Portuguese officials, not to mention Germans, in a single civil service for the administration of Tropical Africa would certainly fail, for the simple reason that no common tradition would unite them. No one parliament or colonial office at home would control them, and the result might well be a repetition on a vast scale of the abominations of the Congo State. If ever the League of Nations should attempt to create an international civil service, it will have to begin by training its officials from youth upwards in a common school under a common discipline. One can imagine an International College for African Administrators devoted to anthropology, languages and practical studies, which would create this common tradition.

What the Catholic Church could do in the Society of Jesus, the League could do if it had the will and the faith; but this international service would have to be based on an ideal of service as selfless as that of a missionary order. Such experiments lie in the future. For the present, the League will certainly solve its problem, as General Smuts and others have proposed, by naming some single Power as its mandatory, "to administer or protect each of those territories, incapable of immediate self-government," which the war has brought to the Peace Conference for disposal. These territories are numerous, and stand on many diverse levels of culture. Some, like Georgia, need only a little help to make a start; others, like Armenia, Syria, Albania and Palestine, after some years of foreign guardianship, will be well able to govern themselves; Mesopotamia is a half-empty desert which must be peopled; the German African colonies, again, may never be able to stand alone. The mandate must vary with the circumstances.

To those of us who confess a rooted distrust of imperialism and all its habits of thought, this new doctrine of the disinterested mandatory "protector" seems painfully familiar. Every fresh essay in the exploitation of helpless races and their territories has been justified and disguised by a similar ideology. Slavery itself was defended as a means of educating and converting the black man. The corvée, forced labor, the labor tax, and the worst forms of indentured labor were, all of them, devised to teach the native "the dignity of work." Every capitalist who had to comfort the easy consciences of his shareholders in London or Brussels was capable of declaring that he regarded himself as a "trustee" for the black man. That kind of insincerity has made this whole affection of altruism nauseous to minds which would think clearly. A candid historian would admit that no imperial Power ever has taken territory from any motive save the pursuit of economic gain or strategical security. None the less, it would be folly to deny that a sense of duty towards the native race does, when the conquest is completed, distinguish the British civil servant in Africa or India, and sometimes rises in him to heights of devotion and courage. It is precisely this curious dualism of acquisitiveness and duty which makes it desirable that the conception of the mandatory Power should be examined, with candor but not with despairing cynicism.

Let us begin by looking at the cynic's case. "The victors in this war," the cynic might say, "have been engaged in a deadly struggle with a great rival for the balance of power. It has been understood from the first that the stakes were the exploitable regions of the earth. From the early days of the war, when German businesses were broken up all round the African coast, down to the last phase, when German residents were named for expulsion from China, the object of excluding this rival from the world's future trade was frankly confessed. The demand for heavy indemnities made assurance doubly sure. For decades to come, the enemy will have no capital to export, and will be fain to sell his share in such key enterprises as the Bagdad railway. Early in the war, the chief Allies staked out their claims in the secret treaties. Great Britain, as the text ran, was to "obtain" Mesopotamia, and France, Syria. Those who were behind the scenes know that long before the hour of victory, the financial syndicates had made their plans for railway building and the like, in the spheres which had yet to be conquered. In the last phase, it became necessary to camouflage these arrangements, in order to satisfy Mr. Wilson and to quiet the conscience of British Labor and French Socialism. The victors no longer "obtained" any-

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thing. The weary Titans bowed their heads to their manifest destinies, and the Peace Conference (a name for their higher selves) persuaded them to accept the onerous task of administering these same territories as the 'mandatories' of the League. By a strange coincidence, the division of mandates chanced to follow the partitions of the secret treaties. Thus, by a happy economy of effort, it was unnecessary to disturb the arrangements already made by the syndicates to build railways and to exploit oil-wells and mines. The League of Nations blessed these transactions and, comforted by an assurance of their disinterested purpose, phrased in the best Wilsonian prose, the syndicates got to work in Mesopotamia, Syria and Africa, on their oil-wells, their mines and their plantations."

Thus far the cynic. The task for the Paris Conference is to disappoint him. By what arrangements can his reading of the "mandate" doctrine be falsified?

(1) It is clear that the division of mandates will not escape criticism, if it follows the partitions of the secret treaties. Other Powers must be associated with this work. No one in Europe suspects the United States of territorial ambitions in the Old World; let her accept some of these mandates, preferably the most contentious of them. Again, there are neutrals like Sweden, Norway and Denmark, which have adventurous populations, advanced culture, high ethical standards and vigilant parliaments. It might be well to give to them some of the mandates which do not call for exertions beyond their resources. If the distracted Baltic Provinces, for example, need some measure of protection for five years to come, might not Sweden be their most natural helper?

(2) The mandate must in every case be granted only for a term of years. Even if it is probable that it will have to be renewed, the title should be temporary, and at each renewal the League should examine the whole record of the work done, and should receive the evidence not merely of other imperial Powers, but also of the subject population. Whether the League will ever, in fact, venture to terminate or transfer a mandate will depend on its success in rising above its own origin as an association of victorious Allies.

(3) Again, it is desirable, and even essential, that no mandate should be blank. In each case the task to be performed should be defined. The task of the Power which watches over Palestine must be to make "a national home" for the Jews. The task of the Power which protects Albania must be to nurture an Albanian nation capable of self-rule. The obvious mandatory in this last case is Italy. Yet everyone knows that her temptation, in this land which at present does not support its own population, will be to colonize it with Italians. The terms of the mandate should be so drafted as to fortify the better elements in Italy who will resist such a design.

(4) Another general condition needs no argument to justify it. The beginnings of colonial militarism must be averted in all these trustee areas. The mandatory must be forbidden to raise any native army beyond what may be needed for purposes of police. That ought indeed to be imposed upon all colonial Powers in Africa, and the whole of its tropical belt, and not merely the late German Colonies, should be treated as a "trustee" region under the League. The appearance at Odessa of those two French Negro regiments sent to fight the Bolsheviks was a portent which should warn Labor. Capital is capable one day of calling in its black levies to redress the threatened balance of the classes in Europe.

(5) Over many a wide field of government the League will set itself to define a minimum standard of administration and legislation. Its commissions will draft some general charter for labor which will certainly protect the child, prohibit night work for women, suggest a normal working day, exclude certain processes of manufacture injurious to health, and possibly lay down the elements for the reckoning of a minimum wage. Much of the work of the League's Labor Commission may at first take the form only of recommendations or suggestions, which backward states may disregard without incurring a penalty. It should, however, be laid down that in any "trustee" area, a mandatory of the League is under a strict obligation to give effect to all the recommendations of the League's commissions. Much of this labor charter, one hopes, will be worked out with special reference to the backward continents. If it is good to have an international standard for application to Europe and North America, where the workers can protect themselves by combination and the use of the parliamentary vote, it is imperative to bring such a standard to bear on India, Japan and Africa, where the workers as a rule lacks both a trade union and a vote. A general prohibition of forced labor, stringent conditions as to indentured labor, and above all regulations which will preserve the African native's right to his land and its produce —this special chapter must be added to any general charter of labor, and must be imposed as an obligation on every Power which receives an administrative mandate from the League.

(6) If the idea that the mandatory Power is a disinterested trustee means anything concrete, it plainly excludes any fiscal devices for purposes other than the raising of revenue. The markets of these

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trustee areas must be open to the trade of the whole League, and the mandatory Power must renounce in them any favors or privileges for its own merchants. If this applies to imports, it bears even more imperatively on exports. Mr. Bonar Law's recent device of a heavy export tax on the oil-bearing produce of the West African Colonies, payable only when this most important raw material is consigned to ports outside the British empire, is the perfect type of what a disinterested mandatory must avoid. The raw material of all these "trustee" areas must be at the disposal, without discrimination, of the industry of the whole civilized world, Allied, neutral and enemy alike. To revive the mercantilism of the eighteenth century with its lists of "enumerated articles" and its monopoly trading, is the crassest contradiction of the spirit of a League of Nations.

(7) All this we might propose, all this we might carry out, and still our cynic would point out that the mandate might be made to cover the most exclusive capitalistic imperialism. In all "new" countries the big opportunities for profit are on a "concession" basis. Give to a syndicate composed of subjects of the mandatory Power the exclusive rights of railway-building, mining, boring for oil, harbor-construction and irrigation, and it can well afford to allow traders of other nations to sell cotton shirts to its coolies. A tariff is unnecessary to exclude (say) German steel-rails, if the railway construction is in the hands of British or French financiers, themselves interested in steel production, who will buy only from themselves. Again, one need not trouble to tax exported oil-bearing nuts in order to starve the German market, if all the nuts are grown on plantations owned by British or Allied makers of soap and margarine. It is only a trickling stream of free trade that would ever flow to a dependency run on an exclusively national system of concessions. The real crux of the mandate system lies here, and the Peace Conference or the League of Nations will need infinite wisdom and foresight if it is going to disappoint our cynic.

Let us take a concrete case. A popular lecturer, himself in normal times a leading personality in Bagdad, made the startling statement the other day that the oil-wells of Mesopotamia are rich enough to pay the whole of the British war costs. That may be an exaggeration, or it may be based on an inflated price of oil, which will not be maintained. Undoubtedly, however, this unworked oil is very rich. To whom should these riches belong? To the capitalists who will bring to Mosul some machinery and some organizing power? To the labor white and colored, which will be attracted to the spot? To the present population of Mesopotamia, ignorant, inert and few in numbers? To the busy immigrant population which will come from India or from China? To the British empire, whose arms won possession of this territory? To all the peoples and armies, whose sacrifices and sufferings have made internationalism a fact? To the League of Nations which will claim supremacy over this territory though it may name the British empire as its mandatory?

Wealth of this kind is clearly an unearned value, which cannot be wholly claimed by any syndicate that may be allowed to exploit it. The Indian sepoy and the British Tommy, not to mention the civil administrator, did more to make this potential wealth available than any financier or engineer will do, and their efforts would have been in vain had not French and American armies won the day on the western front. One may dispute over the ideal use of this wealth. Should it go to lower the price of oil to the consumer, the world over? Should it be a fund to build up between the rivers a new Babylonian civilization? Should it rather aid the poorer agricultural and pastoral regions of Turkey? Should it extinguish war debt, repair devastation or supply the League with revenue for international purposes? Any of these uses might be defended. What would be indefensible would be that it should be appropriated as a tribute by the British empire, or still worse, that some syndicate of British financiers should annex it as their private gain.

This problem has several distinct aspects. One wants to provide (1) against the robbery of the native population; (2) against the levying of tribute by the mandatory state; (3) against excessive profits for private syndicates, and (4) against the exclusion of the enterprise of other nations from these "trustee" areas. One may say, alternatively, in the lawyers' phrase, that the private concessionaire ought not to exploit these regions at all, and that, if he does so, the enterprise of the mandatory Power should enjoy no special favor. No one will believe in the theory of the disinterested trustee, if the financiers of his ruling class monopolize in his ward's estate all the profits of capitalist enterprise. The problem must be stated, though for my part I am not sure that there is a solution which public opinion either in America or in France or in Britain would tolerate as yet. The plantation system ought to be combated and can be avoided, if native cultivators or peasant immigrants are helped to raise, by their own free but organized work, the vegetable produce of the country. The way of escape from the "concession" system in the case of railways, mines and oil-wells, is through direct state ownership and management. If that is out of the question, then we might con-

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sider whether in these trustee areas the League of Nations could impose some international super-tax on the profits of foreign enterprise, to be collected, of course, by the mandatory Power.

Could we impose the rule that all profits on foreign concessionaire enterprises in trustee areas should be limited by taxation to a maximum of (say) 6 or 7 per cent. (allowing for an average of good and bad years) on the bona-fide working capital? In most cases the whole yield of this tax would go to the trustee area: in no case ought it to go to the treasury of the mandatory Power: in cases of exceptional natural wealth a proportion of it should go to an international fund. The mechanism of such an arrangement would not be easy to devise, and those of us who regard the whole concession system as the negation of any disinterested ideal in overseas administration are under no obligation to devise it. Our duty is rather to point out that if mandatory Powers proceed to give away rich opportunities of profit in trustee areas to syndicates of their own subjects, if these syndicates exploit native labor under semi-servile conditions, if the raw materials are reserved to aggrandize the home-industry of these Powers, then the old epic of war and plunder, the old relation of force and gain, will merely have entered on a new phase, the more odious because it will be disguised by the profession of a higher international morality.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Mr. Heney and Mr. Hoover

MR. HENEY has made a serious charge against Mr. Hoover, and it needs to be seriously examined. The first part of it is: "Swift and Company packed the Food Administration in its own interests." Those are Mr. Heney's words. He says "packed." Let us observe his justification.

In the Food Administration there were several hundred positions of executive responsibility. The number of Swift-and-Company men in the Food Administration was, at its highest total, four. The word "packed" must be said to have been a bit extreme.

But Mr. Heney says that these four men were very powerful. He says that one of them—Mr. Heyl—"directed the regulation and fixed the prices of canned goods." And he says that another of them—Mr. Priebe—was "in charge of fixing prices and regulations for poultry."

The fact is that not one of the four was in a position in which he could make regulations, or fix prices, or in any other way invent or confirm any general principle of conduct on behalf of the Food Administration, in any of its activities. The general principles of the Food Administration, including "regulations" and including "prices," were established (under Mr. Hoover's eye and after his sanction) by the "Rules Committee." Not one of the Swift four was a member of the "Rules Committee." In order to be a member of the "Rules Committee," you had to be the head of a "Division." Not one of the Swift four was high enough up in the Food Administration to be the head of a "Division." Not one of them was in charge of policy. All four were engaged simply to give their technical experience and their technical skill to the Food Administration in the technical execution of policy.

1: Mr. Heyl was engaged to "follow up" the orders placed for canned goods on behalf of the United States armed forces and on behalf of the Allies and to see to it that those orders, placed by other men, at prices fixed by other men, were delivered and shipped. 2: Mr. Collins had duties identical with Mr. Heyl's. 3: Mr. Brooks was engaged to deal with problems of traffic, being himself a traffic man, in the Food Administration's Transportation Division. 4: Mr. Priebe was engaged to execute the policy of the Food Administration with regard to poultry in the Division of Perishables.

Certain Republican Senators are scandalized if Mr. Garfield for a time refrains from using technical coal men to carry out our policies in coal. Certain Republican Senators are scandalized if Mr. Hoover for a time insists on using technical meat men to carry out our policies in meat. The administration's one chance of escaping public censure for its administrative mistakes is that the Republican party seems to be equally dissatisfied with its mistakes and with its merits.

Three of the Swift four—Mr. Heyl and Mr. Collins and Mr. Brooks—left the Food Administration early in 1918. They are not charged by Heney with any fault except the fault of being present. That is, they are not charged with having actually done anything, or with having actually attempted anything, for the promotion of the special interests of Swift and Company or of any other packing company. The fourth—Mr. Priebe—remained. Against him Mr. Heney charges two faults.

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First: In 1917 Mr. Priebe issued an order requiring all cold-storage poultry to be out of cold-storage and into the market by certain dates. In this way he hurt the small dealers in poultry and he helped Swift and Company. The proof that Swift and Company was helped is not forthcoming. No special favor to Swift and Company, by the Food Administration, in the rules of the operation of the poultry market, is disclosed or is even asserted. And the proper question is not: "Did a certain firm profit by a certain order?" The proper question is: "Was it for the general benefit of the public that the order should be issued?" In this case, for instance: "Was it for the general benefit of the public that cold-storage poultry should be out of cold storage by the certain dates in the order named?"

It is a question highly technical. The precise length of time during which a bird may lie in storage without becoming a nuisance is endlessly debatable or, at any rate, is endlessly debated. One thing, though, is sure. The Food Administration's order was less drastic than the legislation of certain states. The poultry in issue had been stored previous to February 1, 1917. The Food Administration's final order provided that thirty per cent of it should be out of storage by December 31st, another 30 per cent by January 31st, and the rest by February 28th. But in January and in February certain dealers were being prosecuted by certain states for not getting their poultry out of storage sooner. It would seem that Senators who do not care to criticize Mr. Hoover for moving our poultry too rapidly may well criticize him for moving it too slowly.

Surely this first charge against Mr. Priebe is not impressive in its importance, particularly in view of a circumstance about to be mentioned in connection with the second charge.

Second: Mr. Priebe issued an order forbidding loans on stored poultry beyond seventy per cent of their value. Two facts arise in reply, the first incidental, the other essential.

The incidental one is that the order was not issued by Mr. Priebe. It did not come from the Poultry Section. It came from a totally different section of the Division of Perishables—the Cold-Storage Section. And it was recommended to the Cold-Storage Section by the voice of the whole trade—by the Advisory Committee of the Cold-Storage Warehousemen. And it passed from the desk of the head of the Cold-Storage Section to the desk of the head of the Division of Perishables; and Mr. Priebe had no more executive responsibility for it than Mr. Heney. That is the incidental fact.

The essential one is that the head of the Division of Perishables was Mr. Powell, the same Mr. Powell who won his fame in this country through the organization of the fruit-growers of California. A man more remote from the special interests of the middlemen in packed products could hardly have been selected. Mr. Hoover selected him and put him in charge of the Division of Perishables and of all its sections and of Mr. Priebe.

That circumstance, that essential fact, is the one that makes it really very difficult for the inquiring onlooker to believe that Mr. Priebe led a life of unchecked crime in the Division of Perishables on behalf of Swift and Company or on behalf of any other company of middlemen magnates.

Such was the extent to which Swift and Company "packed" the Food Administration with its employees. The California fruit-growers "packed" it superiorly. And Mr. Heney will hardly say that the California fruit-growers "packed" it at all.

But Mr. Heney goes on. He goes on to the subject of the profits of the packers. This is the second part of his charge against Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover allowed the packers to make too much money. And he paved the way to that end by appointing Mr. Cotton to be the first head of the Division of Meats.

Mr. Cotton, as Mr. Heney sees him, must be pro-packer. Follow Mr. Heney closely. Mr. Cotton was once a law-partner of Mr. Cravath. Mr. Cravath afterwards took part in an enterprise of financial reorganization in the packing industry. Mr. Cotton was subsequently a partner of Mr. Spooner. Mr. Spooner gave legal advice to the late Mr. Harriman. Mr. Harriman gave business continually to Kuhn, Loeb and Company. And Kuhn, Loeb and Company afterwards took part in an enterprise of financial reorganization in the packing industry. You see.

By this method one could prove Woodrow Wilson pro-Republican. He was a close political partner of Colonel George Harvey, who urges the country every week to destroy the Democratic administration.

The human personal fact about Mr. Cotton, known to everybody that knows him, is that he is not pro-packer. Mr. Heney quotes a certain saying from him. Mr. Cotton said—and he said it to Mr. Heney himself—that the profits of the packers in 1917 [the year before the Food Administration took hold] were "scandalous." And that remark is the exact measure of Mr. Cotton's disposition to soft-soap the public estimate and the public treatment of the packing people.

But, says Mr. Heney, "the regulation of the packers by Mr. Cotton was a joke."

There we come really to alleged important fact.

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There we come to respectable argument. The Food Administration did certain things about packers' profits. Mr. Heney apparently would have done other things. He has his right. But what were the things that the Food Administration did?

It started by holding that the Food Law gave it no right to limit the packers' profits on non-food products. This holding certainly was natural. To most minds, examining the Food Law, and examining the President's delegation of authority under that law, it was inevitable. But to any mind it was natural. A Food Administrator, in the midst of a war, has enough to do without dealing with things inedible. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Cotton and Mr. Cotton's successor—Mr. Snyder—determined to confine themselves, in the matter of packers' profits, to profits on foods.

But what would be the standard? Mr. Hoover and Mr. Cotton and Mr. Snyder chose the standard of custom. Mr. Heney would apparently choose the standard of right. But he was not responsible for getting food out of the food-machine of America to the western front and to every front where supreme right was fighting supreme wrong. He could sit back and think about social progress. Mr. Hoover had to think about military physical life and death. He found a meat trust. He did not make it. Congress made it. The Department of Justice made it. Mr. Wilson made it. We all made it, by permitting it. It was not the business of Mr. Hoover to do a social revolution and lick the Hun simultaneously. He took our social institutions as he found them. And he gave to those social institutions their customary functions and their customary incomes.

What income did he give to the meat trust? Nine per cent on its investment. And what was the custom? Mr. Heney furnishes the answer. He said to the Senate Committee on Agriculture:

"My information, from the expert book-keepers, is that Swift and Company's profits—and I think Armour's too—on the commodities in the class limited to nine per cent, were in 1917 nine and one-tenths per cent."

In 1917, before the Food Administration took hold, they were nine and one-tenths per cent. In 1918, during Food Administration control, they were, by Food Administration order, nine per cent. And the Federal Trade Commission, independent of Mr. Hoover and hostile to Mr. Hoover, was entrusted with the enforcement of the order.

If this was favoritism, it was favoritism to existence and to custom and to sense and to the war. The food-machine, as it was, intact, was necessary to the war. Mr. Hoover fought the war. He left the revolution of right to Mr. Heney and to the rest of us after the war. It will come. And Mr. Heney will doubtless bear his part in it brilliantly. But he would not dim that part—he would merely soften and diffuse and extend it—if he could learn to mark the difference between a worm which is eating dirt and a giant who is making dirt into a world-retaining-wall and a world-battering-ram.

WILLIAM HARD.

Lowell in His Times

IN Lowell's Fable for Critics, written when he was twenty-nine years old, there is no mention of his exact contemporary, Whitman. Whitman was unknown; Lowell was already in full stride. He was ten years out of college, qualified to practice law, a welcome contributor to the annuals and monthlies, and author of the much-quoted Present Crisis, The Vision of Sir Launfal, and the Mexican War Biglow Papers. The Fable is clever, but not too clever, fair in its judgments and sane in its selection of fellow-writers; and the best reason for its non-mention of the Brooklyn poet is that Leaves of Grass did not appear till 1855, seven years later. At that time, when Whitman was distinguished chiefly by abuse and contempt, Lowell had become a Harvard professor, was a member of the very choice Saturday Club, and was on the eve of accepting the initial editorship of The Atlantic. Now, in their common centennial year, we regard the tardy and eccentric Whitman in the light of current developments; but we estimate the timely and centripetal Lowell almost wholly with reference to his own generation.

Lowell was a cultivated and conscientious citizen. He seems to have been happily free from both the provincial narrowness and the priggishness with which it is a current fashion to charge the New Englander. His habit of regarding national issues from a national point of view liberated him from the ordinary local prejudices. Witness Mr. Howells on their first conversation: "He did not say now, nor at any other times during the many years I knew him, any of those slighting things of the West, which I had so often to suffer from eastern people, but suffered me to praise it all I would." And his wide reading of foreign literature gave keys to understanding the peoples among whom he travelled. His comments from Rome furnish an interesting contrast with Emerson's. The reaction of the Concord philosopher was almost wholly personal. Lowell's was thoroughly national: "Surely the American (and I feel myself more intensely American every day) is last of all at home among ruins—but he is at home in Rome . . . Our art, our literature, are, as theirs, in some sort exotics; but our genius for politics, for law,

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and, above all, for colonization, our instinct for aggrandizement and for trade, are all Roman. I believe we are laying the basis of a more enduring power and prosperity, and that we shall not pass away until we have stamped ourselves upon the whole western hemisphere."

Belles lettres never quite completed the conquest of the editor-professor. An unpremeditated bit in one of his letters shows how his mind reverted to the excitement of politics on the verge of the war. It is in a fragment of burlesque on the type of love story submitted daily to The Atlantic: "Meanwhile the elder of the two, a stern-featured man of forty winters, played with the hilt of his dagger, half drawing and then sheathing again the Damascus blade, *thin as the eloquence of Everett and elastic as the conscience of Cass.*" From 1858 to 1866 he printed some sixteen vigorous and substantial political articles, besides many shorter notes and reviews, and during the latter four years resumed the Biglow Papers, repeating and building upon his original success. The aggressive fighting spirit which he carried into the discussion of definite men and measures did not blind him to the permanent values of the matters in dispute, so that his contentions were limited to the Civil War only in the facts he cited, applying to any war in the principles on which he based them. Thus in Mason and Slidell, a Yankee Idyll the Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument, endowed with speech, bring the spirit of the Revolution to a Civil War issue, and utter between them the main arguments invoked during the world war of fifty years later. They anticipate what we have been saying for and against military preparedness, international jealousies, the changes dictated in international law by the progress of invention, the appeals to a national hatred, and to a tribal or national God, the viciousness of an indeterminate peace, and the essential values of democracy. They are admirably contemporary, though quite unprophetic.

From the ordeal by battle Lowell rose to a broader and nobler serenity. He balanced the essay on The Rebellion: its Causes and Consequences with the Harvard Commemoration Ode; and the next prose volumes, Among My Books and My Study Windows, with the Three Memorial Poems and the odes on Agassiz and the Concord Centennial. In all the poems he turned to the past, now that the struggle was over, for some evidences of strength and beauty in American life, and some promise for its future; and in the literary essays he looked beyond nationalism to the permanent and universal values in the arts. The claims of politics were still pressed upon him, however, and at one time so urgently that he had to insist in his refusal to run for Congress.

Finally in 1877 he entered on his eight years of most direct service to the country as Minister to Spain and to England. Few men in America could have equaled him in his qualifications for the Spanish mission. He was completely versed in the language and the literature; and temperamentally there was much in him to respond to the national character. He wrote to Mr. Putnam, "I like the Spaniards very well as far as I know them, and have an instinctive sympathy with their want of aptitude for business"; and to Professor Child, "There is something Oriental in my own nature which sympathizes with this 'let her slide' temper of the hidalgos." Both of which statements should be taken as partly true to the letter, and as partly indicative of the adjustability which distinguishes the American from the Englishman.

The most compact tribute to his five and a half years at the Court of St. James is the Londoner's comment that he found the Britons all strangers and left them all cousins. Lowell was one of the two extreme types of American whom Victorian England chose to like and admire. One, of the Mark Twain—Joaquin Miller sort, was free and easy, smacking of the wild West, completely in contrast with the English gentleman; the other, in the persons of men like Longfellow and Norton was the nearest American approach to cultivated John Bull. In diplomatic circles Lowell's tact always alleviated his firmness, even leading to criticism from home because he never blustered nor defied. And in his appearances as representative of the United States on all manner of social occasions, he charmed his hosts by the grace and pertinence of his extempore speech. "He was pithy without baldness and full without prolixity. He never said too much, nor said what he had to say with too much gravity. His manner, in short, was perfection; but the real substance that his felicity of presentation clothed counted for still more. . . . And in England his unexampled popularity was very largely due to this gift."

Thus the outstanding feature of Lowell's career is that he was a poet in action. His first and last volumes were lyrics. In the forty-seven years between their issues he was always the artist. He brought his emotional fervor and his sense of phrase to his essays, addresses and occasional poems, and to his pursuit of scholarship. His natural first interests were in the printed page and in the wielding of the pen; measured by weeks and months, his life was largely lived in retirement; but the step from reading and writing to active citizenship was an easy one, and in the world of action he seemed to make few waste motions. What he did, not only counted in itself, but enriched his mind as much as what he read. And back of all the

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activity certain inherent qualities contributed to his effectiveness. He was a representative man and spokesman. He had the journalistic gift of saying excellently what others were on the verge of believing. He did little thinking that was original, but much that was independent, and as a sane radical he was sure of the hearing he deserved. He was clever and charming with a glint of errant unexpectedness, which was ingratiating even when it was far-fetched or even wantonly malapropos. His quips are like the gifts and favors of old-time children's parties—hidden all over the house, and just as likely to defy search as to turn up in a napkin, or in the umbrella of a departing guest.

Behind all, Lowell was prevailingly American in the combined confidence in democracy and fear for it that belonged to his group in his generation. From 1820 on, Irving, Cooper, Bryant and their followers had protested more and frequently at the certain condescension in foreigners to which Lowell addressed himself in his essay of 1869. Yet all these men, representing the culture of the nation, encouraged this condescension by evidently expecting it. Lowell with the rest, though loyal, was always apologetic, always hoping to gain confidence in his countrymen. So on the evening which gave rise to the Condescension essay, " 'One might be worse off than even in America,' I thought . . . 'A country without traditions, without ennobling associations, a scramble of parvenus, with a horrible consciousness of shoddy running through politics, manners, art, literature, nay, religion itself.' "

Of course he only half meant it, and said it in order to half deny it; but he was always talking, speaking and thinking in this vein. The address on Democracy of 1888—nearly twenty years later—need not be gravely cited as proof of Lowell's belief in government by the people; it is only the final iteration of what he had been continually asserting. Yet, after his usual leisurely introduction, he approached the subject with the smile of half apology that had become a habit to him: "I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest." It crops out in the "Thoreau" essay anent Emerson: "If it was ever questionable whether democracy could develop a gentleman, the problem has been affirmatively solved at last."; and in the "Lincoln" essay: "Mr. Lincoln has also been reproached with Americanism by some not unfriendly British critics; but with all deference, we cannot say that we like him any the worse for it." In the ode on Agassiz, Lowell heaved a sigh of relief that the great naturalist had been willing to put up with New England conditions; and even in the Commemoration ode he broke out suddenly with,

> Who now shall sneer?
> Who dare again to say we trace
> Our lines to a plebeian race?

The point is not in the least that Lowell did not believe in democracy; every deprecatory remark of this sort was prefatory to a fresh defense of it. The point is that, as with a quarrel, it takes two to make a condescension, and that Lowell did his part. It is difficult to imagine the young foreigner of "German-silver aristocracy" condescending with success to Lincoln or Emerson, or to Mark Twain or Whitman.

In his patriotism Lowell was uncomfortably thin-skinned. His consciousness of American brag and foreign criticism made him try to offset one and forestall the other by habitual understatement; but he did not stop with this. Constructively he let Hosea Biglow put the case in a nut-shell:

> Ef we're agoin' to prove we *be* growed up,
> 'T wun't be by barkin' like a tarrier pup,
> But turnin' to an' makin' things as good
> Ez wut we're ollers braggin' that we could.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

The English Strikes

AFTER the war, said the cynics, the revolutions. In England we have no revolutions, but the expected strikes have begun. The whole of the industrial world is afflicted by an acute malaise, a nervous irritability which has shown itself not only in a widespread strike movement, but in symptoms of discontent which are varied, confused, and depend on no single logical principle. It is at the moment impossible to say where or when the movement will stop. Its most notable manifestation is the demand for a reduction in the working hours without any reduction in the wages paid. Among the engineers and shipwrights of the Clyde the demand is for a week of forty hours in place of the forty-seven to which the engineers agreed at a London conference only a few days ago. In Belfast, on the other hand, the strikers are demanding a forty-four hours' week. In Manchester the dockers came out for a short time in order to protest against the employment of a non-union man. In Nottingham the miners struck in order to protest against men who had recently entered the mines being dismissed in order to make room for men newly demobilized; they objected not to the soldiers coming back, but only to other men being discharged to make room for them. In Yorkshire, on the other hand, the dispute

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was over the trivial question of a twenty minutes' interval for breakfast, and whether all the men should be allowed to take it together or should take it according to the usual and most convenient custom in large business concerns, in relays. The men were for taking it all together and they had their way. The London police, encouraged by the complete success of their strike a few weeks ago, threatened to come out again because of the dismissal of certain railway policemen and the refusal of the authorities to recognize their union. So many and various are the grounds of industrial dispute in England at this moment.

The causes of this present *malaise*—for it is really an infection of the blood in the industrial system which will out somewhere and somehow—are complex. The movement for shorter hours and a greater share of control in industry was gathering way before the war broke out. The war arrested but did not suppress it. The economic aims of the working classes—like the restrictive rules of the trade-unions—were largely put aside while all energies were concentrated on the war. Now that binding power has been suddenly removed and every man is free to think of his own interests and those of his class. The energies which he had concentrated are inevitably dispersed in various directions. It is not only labor that is affected in this way. On the highest plane we may see the same process at work among the Allies, some or all of whom, released from the pressure and tension of the struggle for a common end, are irresistibly drawn towards their individual interests. The "strikes" among the troops on leave are a symptom of the same relaxation of will and dispersal of effort after concentration, and we might find yet a further instance in the immediate revival of sports and games of all kinds which has followed the ending of the war. The soil was ripe for the growth of a crop of industrial discontents.

The seed sown before 1914 was multiplied by the experience of the war. Labor, which gave up much on the call of the country, has seen large fortunes made out of the profits of the war. It is quite true, of course, that the great bulk of the gross profits made was appropriated by the state under the Excess Profits Tax, and that, on the other hand, a considerable part of the working classes greatly increased their wages during the war. But against increase of wages must be set the enormous increase in the cost of living, and there is no doubt that labor has been vastly impressed by the war profits of the great firms. At the same time the experience of working men has been that if they want improvement in wages and general conditions of work, their best plan is to go on strike and not only to strike but to "down-tools" and give the employer no time to do anything but surrender. All through the war the story has been the same. Grievances have been put forward, but the settlement has been postponed week after week until at last the men, weary of the delay, have struck work and in a few days or even hours, secured their object. They have become sceptical of the value of constitutional action, contemptuous of Parliament, of the ineffectual labor members who are supposed to represent them and of their own trade-union authorities who, in their opinion, have been not so much leaders as a drag on the wheel of economic progress.

At bottom the present movement is definitely a revolt against the hitherto accepted methods. It substitutes "direct action" and the popular representation of the shop stewards for the conventional processes of the trade union and parliamentary machine. The dependence of society upon industry has been realized, and it is to be exploited both to redress admitted grievances and to secure aims of which labor itself is as yet only partially aware. Society depends on the police-force, a semi-military body, for its security, and therefore the police threaten to deprive society of its security until their demands are conceded. Society depends for its existence upon the miners or the transport men or the engineers and all the allied trades; here again is a magnificent weapon for wresting from the needs of the whole community the concessions which labor, or it may be only a section of it, demands. The Belfast strike, which is in progress at the time of writing, illustrates the method. Beginning with the engineers and shipwrights, it soon involved the gas and electricity workers, and in a few hours' time Belfast went without its light except in so far as the strikers' committee chose to relax its prohibition. When, a few weeks ago, the management of the Albert Hall in London refused to let the hall for a Socialist meeting lest "revolutionary" speeches might be made, the electrical trade union cut off the supply of light and the management surrendered. Mr. Havelock Wilson and his super-patriotic seamen have been applying the same principle when they refused to carry to the Continent this or that Socialist leader, M. Huysmans or Mr. Henderson, of whose internationalist policy they disapproved. One and all they cry to society, "We are indispensable to you and you must do our bidding."

This is a question of method; there is also the question of aims. What are the motives of the new demand for shorter working hours? In the main they are wholly creditable to those who make it. Labor is faced with a likelihood in the near future of widespread unemployment. Men are being discharged from industry in order to make

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room for men in the army and even the demobilized soldiers cannot be absorbed all at once. Industry, damped by the sudden cessation of the war, is not reviving quickly. The period of transition is more difficult, the confusion and uncertainty of commercial conditions more acute than had been expected. Labor, conscious of its growing solidarity, is discovering in a general reduction of hours a means of spreading employment over a larger mass of men. Wages, of course, must not be diminished. If that means, as it does, a largely increased wages cost, that is the affair of the employer. If he complains that he will make a loss, labor retorts that he has been accumulating profits and can afford the change. If the economist points out that increased wages mean greater cost of production and an increase in the cost of living, labor is content to insist on its increased wages and to take the chance of rising prices.

Fundamentally, there is something deeper at work than the desire of labor to stand together and restrict unemployment. The pressure for shorter hours and higher wages proceeds from the desire of the working man not merely to exist but to live. He has worked long and late during the war; he has given up many of the cherished rules and regulations by which he had hedged round production and safeguarded his own interests; he has suffered often under bad housing conditions; he has gone short of his cherished beer, of which there has been little and that little bad. Excess has always its reaction, and the war has kindled in him the desire for easier conditions of life. In itself this is a sound impulse, and if it is now translated into action by methods which are arbitrary, confused and intolerant, much of the blame falls on capital and the state.

There is one thing which neither capitalists nor state authorities, with rare exceptions, are capable of doing, whether in the public services or private industry. They cannot or will not enter into the mind of labor sympathetically in order to discover what ideas are fermenting there, what are its aims and desires, and to concede freely and betimes what they are in fact prepared to concede when pressure is put upon them. It is indisputable that in many cases the demands of the wage-classes—to use the most comprehensive term—have been quite reasonable and that the employers, state and private, have recognized them to be so. But there has been no spontaneous concession; everything is postponed to the stage of the threat and the incipient strike, so that the concession of a reasonable demand takes on the appearance of a surrender on the one side and a triumph on the other. Even when the state has devised a machinery of cooperation between labor and capital in the shape of the vaunted Whitley councils, it is dilatory in the last degree in putting it in operation. *Homo homini lupus.* With all our elaborate organization of labor and capital, it looks like coming to that at the finish.

To these aims of labor we must add another. It is the purpose of the working classes to secure a share in the control of their own production, in the management of industry. The bulk of them are not as yet clearly conscious of it, but the tendency is unmistakable and the advanced men, the shop stewards who are organizing the movement among the engineers and on the railways, have perfectly clear ideas of what they want. Early in the war, when Mr. Lloyd George went to Glasgow and the Socialist Forward was suppressed for giving an account of the conversation between him and the workmen, he was bluntly told that they demanded a share in the management of the "shops" and he answered that it was impossible. Impossible is a word which is not at present to be found in the dictionary of the shop stewards and the men they represent.

It is reasonable that employers should everywhere complain of the methods now being used against them. How, they say, can any settlement be made when the demands of the men grow and change from week to week and almost from day to day, when agreements are not respected, when the men repudiate their own leaders, when demands travel from trade to trade by the same "sympathy" which accounts for so much of the rise in prices? It is reasonable, and yet such a complaint is superficial. These confused and distracted methods of labor are the symptoms of a moral restlessness which seeks satisfaction without knowing clearly how to get it. Labor lacks unity, though it is acquiring it. It is sick of the old organs to which it had looked for leadership and it has not yet acquired new ones. Its aims, conscious or unconscious, are such as has been suggested: the right to maintain a fuller and more decent life, not merely to produce but to have a greater share in the fruits and control of production. The state and capital, if they were wise, would concentrate their attention on these essential causes of discontent rather than on their secondary symptoms.

But the prospects are not hopeful. Capital, some say, is spoiling for a fight. Since it must come, say others, it may as well come soon. Before the aims of labor are satisfied, privilege and profit will certainly be curtailed and the experience of recent years does not suggest that those who hold these things will give them up without a long and bitter struggle. Peace reigns and war begins.

W. P. Crozier.

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Soap and Water and the Immigrant

WHAT I so greatly feared, happened! Miss Whiteside, the dean of our college, withheld my diploma. When I came to her office, and asked her why she did not pass me, she said that she could not recommend me as a teacher because of my personal appearance.

She told me that my skin looked oily, my hair unkempt, and my fingernails sadly neglected. She told me that I was utterly unmindful of the little niceties of the well groomed lady. She pointed out that my collar did not set evenly, my belt was awry, and there was a lack of freshness in my dress. And she ended with: "Soap and water are cheap. Anyone can be clean."

In those four years while I was under her supervision, I was always timid and diffident. I shrank and trembled when I had to come near her. When I had to say something to her, I mumbled and stuttered, and grew red and white in the face with fear.

Every time I had to come to the dean's office for a private conference, I prepared for the ordeal of her cold scrutiny, as a patient prepares for a surgical operation. I watched her gimlet eyes searching for a stray pin, for a spot on my dress, for my unpolished shoes, for my uncared-for fingernails, as one strapped on the operating table watches the surgeon approaching with his tray of sterilized knives.

She never looked into my eyes. She never perceived that I had a soul. She did not see how I longed for beauty and cleanliness. How I strained and struggled to lift myself from the dead toil and exhaustion that weighed me down. She could see nothing in people like me, except the dirt and the stains on the outside.

But this last time when she threatened to withhold my diploma, because of my appearance, this last time when she reminded me that "Soap and water are cheap. Anyone can be clean," this last time, something burst within me.

I felt the suppressed wrath of all the unwashed of the earth break loose within me. My eyes blazed fire. I didn't care for myself, nor the dean, nor the whole laundered world. I had suffered the cruelty of their cleanliness, and the tyranny of their culture to the breaking point. I was too frenzied to know what I said or did. But I saw clean, immaculate, spotless Miss Whiteside, shrivel and tremble and cower before me, as I had shrivelled and trembled and cowered before her for so many years.

Why did she give me my diploma? Was it pity? Or can it be that in my outburst of fury, at the climax of indignities that I had suffered, the barriers broke, and she saw into the world below from where I came?

Miss Whiteside had no particular reason for hounding and persecuting me. Personally, she didn't give a hang if I was clean or dirty. She was merely one of the agents of clean society, delegated to judge who is fit and who is unfit to teach.

While they condemned me as unfit to be a teacher, because of my appearance, I was slaving to keep them clean. I was slaving in a laundry from five to eight in the morning, before going to college, and from six to eleven at night, after coming from college. Eight hours of work a day, outside my studies. Where was the time and the strength for the "little niceties of the well groomed lady?"

At the time when they rose, and took their morning bath, and put on their fresh-laundered linen, that somebody had made ready for them, when they were being served with their breakfast, I had already toiled for three hours in a laundry.

When college hours were over, they went for a walk in the fresh air. They had time to rest, and bathe again, and put on fresh clothes for dinner. But I, after college hours, had only time to bolt a soggy meal, and rush back to the grind of the laundry till eleven at night.

At the hour when they came from the theatre, or musicale, I came from the laundry. But I was so bathed in the sweat of exhaustion, that I could not think of a bath of soap and water. I had only strength to drag myself home, and fall down on the bed and sleep. Even if I had had the desire and the energy to take a bath, there were no such things as bathtubs in the house where I lived.

Often as I stood at my board at the laundry, I thought of Miss Whiteside, and her clean world, clothed in the snowy shirtwaists I had ironed. I was thinking, I, soaking in the foul vapors of the steaming laundry, I, with my dirty, tired hands, I am ironing the clean, immaculate shirtwaists, of clean, immaculate society. I, the unclean one, am actually fashioning the pedestal of their cleanliness, from which they reach down, hoping to lift me to the height that I have created for them.

I look back at my sweatshop childhood. One day, when I was about sixteen, someone gave me Rosenfeld's poem, The Machine, to read. Like a spark thrown among oily rags, it set my whole being aflame with longing for self-expression. But I was dumb. I had nothing but blind, aching feeling. For days I went about with agonies of feeling, yet utterly at sea how to fathom and voice those feelings—birth-throes of infinite worlds, and yet dumb.

Suddenly, there came upon me this inspiration. I can go to college! There I shall learn to express myself, to voice my thoughts. But I was not prepared to go to college. The girl in the cigar factory, in the next block, had gone first to a preparatory school. Why shouldn't I find a way, too?

Going to college seemed as impossible for me, at that time, as for an ignorant, Russian shop girl to attempt to write poetry in English. But I was sixteen then, and the impossible was a magnet to draw the dreams that had no outlet. Besides, the actual was so barren, so narrow, so strangling, that the dream of the unattainable was the only air in which the soul could survive.

The ideal of going to college was like the birth of a new religion in my soul. It put new fire in my eyes, and new strength in my tired arms and fingers.

For six years I worked daytimes and went at night to a preparatory school. For six years, I went about nursing the illusion that college was a place where I should find self-expression, and vague, pent-up feelings could live as thoughts and grow as ideas.

At last I came to college. I rushed for it with the outstretched arms of youth's aching hunger to give and take of life's deepest and highest, and I came against the stolid wall of the well fed, well dressed world—the frigid white-washed wall of cleanliness.

Until I came to college, I had been unconscious of my clothes. Suddenly I felt people looking at me at arm's length, as if I were crooked or crippled, as if I had come to a place where I didn't belong, and would never be taken in.

How I pinched, and scraped, and starved myself, to save enough to come to college! Every cent of the tuition fee I paid was drops of sweat and blood from underpaid laundry work. And what did I get for it? A crushed

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spirit, a broken heart, a stinging sense of poverty that I never felt before.

The courses of study I had to swallow to get my diploma, were utterly barren of interest to me. I didn't come to college to get dull learning from dead books. I didn't come for that dry, inanimate stuff that can be hammered out in lectures. I came because I longed for the larger life, for the stimulus of intellectual associations. I came because my whole being clamored for more vision, more light. But everywhere I went I saw big fences put up against me, with the brutal signs: "No trespassing. Get off the grass."

I experienced at college the same feeling of years ago when I came to this country, when after months of shut-in-ness, in dark tenements and stifling sweatshops, I had come to Central Park for the first time. Like a bird just out from a cage, I stretched out my arms, and then flung myself in ecstatic abandon on the grass. Just as I began to breathe in the fresh-smelling earth, and lift up my eyes to the sky, a big, fat policeman with a club in his hand, seized me, with: "Can't you read the sign? Get off the grass!" Miss Whiteside, the dean of the college, the representative of the clean, the educated world, for all her external refinement, was to me like that big, brutal policeman, with the club in his hand, that drove me off the grass.

The death-blows to all aspiration began when I graduated from college and tried to get a start at the work for which I had struggled so hard to fit myself. I soon found other agents of clean society, who had the power of giving or withholding the positions I sought, judging me as Miss Whiteside judged me. One glance at my shabby clothes, the desperate anguish that glazed and dulled my eyes and I felt myself condemned by them before I opened my lips to speak.

Starvation forced me to accept the lowest paid substitute position. And because my wages were so low, and so unsteady, I could never get the money for the clothes to make an appearance to secure a position with better pay. I was tricked and foiled. I was considered unfit to get decent pay for my work, because of my appearance, and it was to the advantage of those who used me that my appearance should damn me, so as to get me to work for the low wages I was forced to accept. It seemed to me the whole vicious circle of society's injustices was thrust like a noose around my neck to strangle me.

The insults and injuries I had suffered at college had so eaten into my flesh that I could not bear to get near it. I shuddered with horror whenever I had to pass the place blocks away. The hate which I felt for Miss Whiteside spread like poison inside my soul, into hate for all clean society. The whole clean world was massed against me. Whenever I met a well dressed person, I felt the secret stab of a hidden enemy.

I was so obsessed and consumed with my grievances that I could not get away from myself and think things out in the light. I was in the grip of that blinding, destructive, terrible thing—righteous indignation. I could not rest. I wanted the whole world to know that the college was against democracy in education, that clothes form the basis of class distinctions, that after graduation the opportunities for the best positions are passed out to those who are best dressed and the students too poor to put up a front are pigeon-holed and marked unfit and abandoned to the mercy of the wind.

A wild desire raged in the corner of my brain. I knew that the dean gave dinners to the faculty at regular intervals. I longed to burst in at one of those feasts, in the midst of their grand speech-making, and tear down the fine clothes from these well groomed ladies and gentlemen, and trample them under my feet, and scream like a lunatic: "Soap and water are cheap! Soap and water are cheap! Look at me! See how cheap it is!"

There seemed but three avenues of escape to the torments of my wasted life, madness, suicide or a heart to heart confession to someone who understood. I had not energy enough for suicide. Besides, in my darkest moments of despair, hope clamored loudest. Oh, I longed so to live, to dream my way up on the heights, above the unreal realities that ground me and dragged me down to earth.

Inside the ruin of my thwarted life, the *unlived* visionary immigrant hungered and thirsted for America. I had come a refugee from the Russian pogroms, aflame with dreams of America. I did not find America in the sweatshops, much less in the schools and colleges. But, for hundreds of years, the persecuted races all over the world were nurtured on hopes of America. When a little baby in my mother's arms, before I was old enough to speak, I saw all around me weary faces light up with thrilling tales of the far-off "golden country." And so, though my faith in this so-called America was shattered, yet underneath, in the sap and roots of my soul, burned the deathless faith that America is, must be, somehow, somewhere. In the midst of my bitterest hates and rebellions, visions of America rose over me, like songs of freedom of an oppressed people.

My body was worn to the bone from overwork, my footsteps dragged with exhaustion, but my eyes still sought the sky, praying, ceaselessly praying, the dumb, inarticulate prayer of the lost immigrant: "America! Ach, America! Where is America?"

It seemed to me if I could only find some human being to whom I could unburden my heart, I would have new strength to begin again my insatiable search for America.

But to whom could I speak? The people in the laundry? They never understood me. They had a grudge against me because I left them when I tried to work myself up. Could I speak to the college people? What did these icebergs of convention know about the vital things of the heart?

And yet, I remembered, in the freshman year, in one of the courses in chemistry, there was an instructor, a woman, who drew me strangely. I felt she was the only real teacher among all the teachers and professors I met. I didn't care for the chemistry, but I liked to look at her. She gave me life, air, the unconscious emanation of her beautiful spirit. I had not spoken a word to her, outside the experiments in chemistry, but I knew her more than the people around her who were of her own class. I felt in the throb of her voice, in the subtle shading around the corner of her eyes, the color and texture of her dreams.

Often in the midst of our work in chemistry I felt like crying out to her: "Oh please be my friend. I'm so lonely." But something choked me. I couldn't speak. The very intensity of my longing for her friendship made me run away from her in confusion the minute she approached me. I was so conscious of my shabbiness that I was afraid maybe she was only trying to be kind. I couldn't bear kindness. I wanted from her love, understanding or nothing.

About ten years after I left college, as I walked the streets bowed and beaten with the shame of having to go around begging for work, I met Miss Van Ness. She not only recognized me, but stopped to ask how I was, and what I was doing.

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I had begun to think that my only comrades in this world were the homeless and abandoned cats and dogs of the street, whom everybody gives another kick, as they slam the door on them. And here was one from the clean world, human enough to be friendly. Here was one of the well dressed, with a look in her eyes and a sound in her voice that was like healing oil over the bruises of my soul. The mere touch of that woman's hand in mine so overwhelmed me, that I burst out crying in the street.

The next morning I came to Miss Van Ness at her office. In those ten years she had risen to a professorship. But I was not in the least intimidated by her high office. I felt as natural in her presence as if she were my own sister. I heard myself telling her the whole story of my life, but I felt that even if I had not said a word she would have understood all I had to say as if I had spoken. It was all so unutterable, to find one from the other side of the world, who was so simply and naturally that miraculous thing—a friend. Just as contact with Miss Whiteside had tied and bound all my thinking processes, so Miss Van Ness unbound and freed me and suffused me with light.

I felt the joy of one breathing on the mountain-tops for the first time. I looked down at the world below. I was changed and the world was changed. My past was the forgotten night. Sunrise was all around me.

I went out from Miss Van Ness's office, singing a song of new life: "America! I found America."

ANZIA YEZIERSKA.

From the Women of France and America

Address to President Wilson by a French section of the permanent International Committee of Women, composing Organizations of Women's Conservative and Radical Labor Unions, Socialist Women of Different Views, University and Suffrage Women.

WE, women of all classes, of divers political religious and philosophical convictions, join in a common thought of gratitude to greet, as the representative of humanity, President Wilson, first citizen of the people who have united and reconciled in themselves all nations, all the races of Europe, still a prey to murder and hatred.

We thank him, first of all, for not having rejected the advances of the adversary, for having negotiated the armistice, for having broken the war and put a stop to the slaughter.

We thank him for having understood the sincerity of all peoples, all in good faith sacrificing themselves to their country even when criminal, all capable of the same awakening of the spirit of justice, all worthy of a like pity for their sufferings, of a like reverence for their rights.

We thank him for having alone formulated in exact words the programme of an equitable peace for all peoples.

We thank him for having alone reminded the governments of their supreme duty, identical for all, that of realizing at last the unanimous wish of those "silent human masses" to whom he alluded in one of his messages —the wish for a lasting peace. We confide our cause to him.

Sure of uttering the innermost thought of all the women who have suffered in silence, we come to him and declare: That the intoxication of victory does not make us forget the hideous butchery and cannot lessen our abhorrence of war; and that, repudiating all feeling of hatred, we reject all thought of reprisals.

We declare ourselves in complete agreement with him when he proclaims the duty of leaving to each people the right to dispose of themselves in their internal evolution, and his determination that the peoples of the conquered nations should not be crushed.

In the great fight for peace about to be waged, we put our supreme hope in him, that he may vanquish all imperialisms, that he may suppress, by general disarmament, all menace of future wars, that he may spare our children the fatal error of revenge, by bringing about, in spite of the efforts of the enemies of true peace, the triumph of his ideal, the sole expression of reason and justice.

We implore him to be the arbitrator who, impersonating the heartfelt will of all the peoples, shall bestow on a reconciled humanity a new charter founded on the mutual good-will and cooperation of all the nations of the world.

Resolution adopted by 700 women from 25 States assembled at the American Women's Victory Conference, Washington, D. C., February 13, 1919.

Resolved: That the following declaration of principles be adopted—

As citizens of the American democracy we are assembled in conference in the City of Washington to pledge our allegiance to the great hope of the future, a democratic League of Free Nations. We endorse the principle that such a league is fundamental to the peace negotiations. And we affirm our earnest belief in the liberal and forward-looking programme supported by the American delegates to the Peace Conference.

As the services of women, together with those of men, were essential to the winning of the war, so equally is it essential that the services of both women and men be utilized in achieving the more difficult tasks of world organization and reconstruction. We therefore believe that on international commissions to be created in connection with the League of Nations, the principle should be recognized that women should have places with men in the determination of world problems of common concern; and we urge that as quickly as possible, to deal with the pressing problems of the present moment, women be given at least the status of advisers on matters affecting women and children. The new world order can be created only by drawing upon all the resources of mankind in experience, ability and wisdom.

Under the pressure of a great necessity, we have been learning how properly to subordinate national ambitions and political and private interests. Such unified effort the war revealed as necessary in order to meet the elemental human needs of mankind, such as food, health, education, proper standards of life and labor. We believe that this effort should be continued with renewed and increased cooperation and mutual helpfulness by the free peoples of the world, organized in the League of Nations.

Correction

We regret that owing to errors in the printing-shop several misprints appear in William Hard's article The Senate is Sick of Europe in the issue of February 8th. On page 44, the 18th line from the top of the second column, "Mr. Vardaman" should be "Mr. Hardwick," and in the same column, lines 21 and 22 from the bottom, "Mr. Harding" should be substituted for "Mr. Hardwick."

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Books and Things

AS such things go, la Grande Revue's Enquête mondiale sur l'avenir de la littérature, or so much of it as I've seen, is a pretty good one. It satisfies the two requirements of such a symposium, as we used to call an affair of this kind: the prophets are modest without being evasive or playing too safe. It avoids the worst of possibilities: agreement among the prophets. The war will result in a great love of peace, a desire for friendly human intercourse, a greedy thirst for whatever may be learned from spiritual and essential and elementary things, like love, friendship, the eternal problem—such is M. Pio Baroja's opinion. Contrast it with M. Emile Boutroux's, who is afraid we may be nearing a purely industrial society, where no demand will be made upon art except that it cure us, when our day's work is over, of that tired feeling. Yet in M. Boutroux's fear there are brighter threads of hope. He looks for a return to classicism, by which he means a certain intellectual and moral discipline. M. Blasco Ibañez expects a relaxation of that exclusive attention which certain meticulous artists have paid to form. He thinks the novel will keep after the war the predominance that it had before. Mr. Anstey Guthrie inclines to put the novel in third place, poetry in second, plays first.

Closing la Grande Revue, I try to remember what I've been reading. Three remarks stick in my head. First, F. Anstey's upon the impossibility of writing, for some time to come, a novel of contemporary life without somehow or other bringing in the war. Second, something a young French officer said to Remy de Gourmont, about four years ago: "If the literature of the near future is sincere it will be cynical, like war itself. Men who have been through the war won't be able to handle anything with gloves. They'll know human nature down to the ground." It is M. Louis Dumur who quotes this young officer, and from M. Dumur's own contribution I take this third observation: "Un peuple humilié ne connaîtra pas de Pindare, pas plus qu'une nation victorieuse n'admettra de Jérémie."

One drawback to an inquiry like the Grande Revue's is that you cannot read it without being tempted to make a guess of your own. Here is mine:

The literature of the near future will consist (a) of longer and (b) of shorter books than we have been used to.

Of longer books, because our curiosity about process, growth, change, is still unappeased. For example, novelists haven't yet done much with the contrast between an experience as it looks to the man who is living it and the same experience as it looks to the same man when he looks back. Fiction has strangely misrepresented our gift of forgetting and of remembering wrong. The man who forgets or misstates has been too like a comic figure or a villain or a hypocrite. The new literature will represent him as you and me and everybody.

For novelists the whole field of our unconscious is still "practically virgin" soil, in spite of some notable beginnings like this, over explicit, as nearly always with Tolstoi: "On getting home from his journey, Prince Andrey made up his mind to go to Petersburg in the autumn, and began inventing all sorts of reasons for this decision. A whole chain of sensible, logical reasons, making it essential for him to visit Petersburg, and even to reenter the service, was at every moment ready at his disposal." A new writer is coming who will master what Freud and Freud's successors have to teach him, who will not find the new knowledge too unfamiliar to be kept in its place, who has lived through a war in which sex's competitors for attention have been at their fiercest. Books will be longer because man, still as curious about himself as the nineteenth century made him, has discovered in the twentieth a new way of seeing himself.

Longer than ever when they satisfy curiosity by narrating and exploring growth and change, books will be shorter than ever when they express crises, and by crisis I mean of course not only the hour which the Fates have double-charged and double-shotted, but any moment worth asking to stay and take the form of art—a choice, a mood, something seen. As the patient narrators will admit nothing insignificant, so the concentrators will leave nothing significant out. The concentrator's problem, as I see it, will be how to make the songs of experience as brief as the songs of innocence. After all, sudden light is sudden light, you know, whether it reveal a monotonous flat country, or a land of gorges, cataracts, beakèd promontories, high crags, or that other land that is very far off.

When I began this last paragraph I expected to justify its forecast by deductions from the war. These deductions, my witnesses, refuse to appear now that they are called. Their absence doesn't matter. As prophets, most of us only foretell the coming of young writers whose books we fancy we should love or hate to read, and such reasons as we may offer in commendation of our prophesying are no more than afterthoughts, concocted to hide its want of roots in any soil except preference and hope and fear. Which reminds me of another belief I owe to my wishes, namely, that an English book is about to be written which will express twentieth-century feeling and thought in eighteenth-century sentence forms and seventeenth-century words.

Drape himself as best he may with reasons, the maker of this last forecast stands none the less exposed as a naked victim of the will to believe, and the will to believe, I like to think, has had its innings. Some of the new writers will hammer and knock it back where it belongs. They will distinguish between its defect, its excess and its virtuous or useful mean. They have been young through the credulous years of war, they have seen how almost everybody, in every civilized nation, without examining evidence or at all caring to learn truth, has given credence to whatever he pleased and whatever pleased him, and they will revolt against this wide-spread, deep-laid unwillingness to see things as they are.

Perhaps it is foolish to prophesy unless you know, but it is less foolish when circumstances are favorable, as in this case, where the only person likely to remember your prophesy, yourself, will be dead before its absurdity can be proved. And nothing is against your being right except antecedent probability and the fact that I dissent.

To be sure, it's true that I have made mistakes in my times, some of them in previous existences. In Athens, at the end of the Peloponnesian war, I predicted that the fourth century would improve upon those attempts at tragedy which the fifth century had made. Later, in Italy, while watching the young Dante go up and down the streets of Florence, and listening to his words, I said he would fail as a poet, and would modestly ask to have this line cut on his tomb—"Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing." At the end of the French revolution, looking ahead through years of peace in Europe, didn't I foresee the high glories of French poetry between that date and 1830?

But no one remembers these things against me. No one remembers my foretelling, a hundred years ago, that American literature, in the middle of the nineteenth century, would represent the passion of love with imaginative ardor. And no one will remember anybody's guess about the great war's influence on either verse or prose. P. L.

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What to Read

IF war is ever to cease it will not be simply because it is inexpedient. Men must become generally convinced that it is itself a filthy and indefensible procedure, and it is to soldiers we must go for this verdict rather than politicians, editorial writers, clergymen or diplomats. Soldiers differ on the subject, too, but the men who wish to league against war as a thing evil in itself will be interested in a little book just published by Allen & Unwin, 40 Museum street, London. Arthur Graeme West, the present witness in the case of People vs. War, can never appear in person. He was at Balliol when the war broke out. He enlisted as a private, got to be an officer, was killed in France in 1917. His comment on war is offered now as The Diary of a Dead Officer. He began enthusiastic for the war. Before he was killed he changed his whole view. He became an atheist and a pacifist, and he bitterly regretted that he had ever returned to France the second time. His diary will be interpreted by any number as the revelation of an inferior nature, a nature inadequate to the strain and test of war. Another interpretation is rather more valid. Here was a man who rebelled against the bullies and cads and louts whom he was forced to endure in training camp. Once disillusioned, he never recovered the morale that alone makes wars possible. He could crucify his will to the end but the whole experience seemed to him an indecent mockery of all the fancy pretensions of mankind. He wasn't scared to death, he was disgusted and bored and befouled, and he saw war as intrinsically filthy. Was this what Sherman really meant when he said that war was hell? This diary, however, is not polemical. It is a perfectly simple revelation of horror and disgust. Far from being censored in England, it has recently been given the leading review in the London Times.

The price of books goes bounding up. Every week now the Publishers' Weekly takes pain, and gives pain, to record that certain books already on the market have been advanced in price, and of course new books have been scaled up all along the line. The single volume Collected Poems of John Masefield, for example, is issued at $2.75. It must be noted, however, that there are 521 pages in this volume, printed on a well-chosen paper. Not only this but the publishers have followed the excellent rule of beginning poems at the top of the page in many cases where an inch or two of paper had to be sacrificed. Such great-heartedness ought to be celebrated. The book should be known as Collected Poems of John Masefield, 1919, because in a few years in all likelihood this collection will be as incomplete as the collected editions of W. B. Yeats now are. But the edition deserves to be looked at, especially because of its appearance. Publishers still exist who have less typographical respect for a collected edition than Sears Roebuck & Co. have for the subject matter of their catalogue. They do not understand that poetry should be surrounded by white space, even when printed in wholesale lots. Mr. Masefield's poetry all the more demands a pleasant form because there is so much of it. His lengthy romances are open to serious criticism on the score of diffuseness. "He had been scared that first time, daunted, thrilled"—there is too much elaboration of this sort. But the narratives have that adventurer's imaginativeness which sweeps like clean wind through all of Masefield.

I read Fremont Older's autobiography as it came out serially in the San Francisco Call—and waited for successive installments much as in the nineties, sometimes, I waited for a twenty-five cent paper bound copy of Treasure Island, ordered after reading the opening chapters, published as bait, in a "mail order magazine." Older is not the wary, cultivated master of chiseled narrative, but it is doubtful if he has been excelled in American literature for native dramatic quality in the telling of a tale. My Own Story is issued by The Call Publishing Company in San Francisco, and proves that momentously good things can be printed at some distance from Manhattan.

It was handsome of Colonel Roosevelt to give the commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death $1,000 of his Nobel Peace Prize Fund. It was also somewhat ironic. The ironic deity, indeed, seems to preside over the fate of the Nobel "peace" prize. Rudyard Kipling, for instance, was not exactly the person whom you would expect peace-lovers to choose. There probably has never been an author who could get up so good a hate as Kipling. Hatred has meant more to him than it meant even to Milton or Dante. The same could not be said of Theodore Roosevelt, though his award leads one to expect that M. Clemenceau may be chosen over Woodrow Wilson. The likeliest literary choice among the writers of English is undoubtedly H. G. Wells. His work circulates in the Scandinavian countries in popular translations that resemble the admirable Nelson popular editions of English novels. Mr. Wells would be an understandable selection, but it is a matter for real regret that the award has never been made to William Dean Howells.

George Sylvester Viereck is circulating a postcard that reproduces a message from G. B. Shaw concerning the Authors' League of America. The Authors' League, it may be remembered, expelled Mr. Viereck in July, 1918, on the ground that he was disloyal and treasonable. Mr. Shaw's comment is this: "If the Authors' League or the Poetry Society or any other organization expels a member because of his political opinions, it thereby constitutes itself a political body and violates whatever literary charter it may have. Literature, art and science are free of frontiers and those who exploit them politically are traitors to the greatest republic in the world: the Republic of Art and Science." It will be interesting to see what answer, if any, Mr. Ellis Parker Butler and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton can make to Mr. Shaw. Had they any constitutional justification for the action they set on foot, or were they simply applying tar and feathers to a loathsome personality? Who were the worse traitors, Mr. Viereck or the Authors' League? And will the Authors' League accept Mr. Shaw's principle, expel Mr. Butler and Mrs. Atherton for betraying the Republic of Letters, and reinstate the objectionable Mr. Viereck?

Interesting books just published:

American edition of Siegfried Sassoon's Counter-Attack, (Dutton).

Memoir of Edith Sichel and a collection of her articles, called New and Old, (Dutton).

Maria Botchkareva's autobiography, entitled Yashka, (Stokes).

Songs of a Miner, James C. Welsh, (Putnam).

Collection of Indian Tales, Kutenai Tales, by Franz Boas, (Smithsonian Institute).

Second volume of the Cambridge History of American Literature, (Putnam).

Hugh Walpole's novel, The Secret City, (Doran).

SALANN.

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Britain and America

The British Revolution and the American Democracy, by Norman Angell. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

WHAT quality distinguishes Norman Angell among social pamphleteers in the English-speaking world? He is intelligent in diagnosis, but more than one critic is quite as keen. In feeling out new channels there are certain pilots decidedly more shrewd. His style in interpretation is not in itself remarkable. With all his material, much of it suggestive, he often fails to convert it, fails to oxygenate it from lack of time and strength. And he is not a pamphleteer who can be said to have developed any special order of conviction or revealed any peculiar type of programme. How then is he distinguished among the great gang of writers who interpret and advise society?

Principally, it is clear, by the moral quality which pervades everything he says. Aside from the gentleness, the patience, the receptivity, that give him moral distinction in any and every company, he has a brave disinteredness which lifts him high above the ordinary run of social advocates and controversialists. Legally a Briton, and a Briton in the accent of his speech and mind, he is equally at home in France and the United States as in England, and he moves as readily from one country to another as the obtuseness of the officials will allow. In one sense he is detached. He belongs to no group or party, he writes and thinks as a freelance. But in another sense he is strongly attached because he is one of the freelances who has in him nothing at all of the freebooter. He is untrammeled except by conviction. In that he is seriously responsible. But he would never have qualified with Mr. Roosevelt as a tribal animal. Concentrated and intense by nature, he understands his instincts and they never engorge his reason. To reasonableness, to the use of his imagination for the other man, he is finely faithful, and in his own discussion he exemplifies those principles of free discussion by which he stands.

No better qualifications of mind and temper could be found for the difficult topic which occupies this present volume. What is behind Bolshevism? On one side men answer this question in fear and trembling, on the other they approach it with open arms. Mr. Angell does neither. He is not unquestioning of Bolshevism. To call him a mere Girondist on this account does not affect him. There is no one to whom some one is not Girondist. But while Mr. Angell does not defend Bolshevism against the charges of autocracy and ferocity and while he indirectly criticizes such programmes as the syndicalism of M. Sorel, he concedes nothing on the point that it is wrong to meet Bolshevism with repression. Repression, as he sees it, is simply the victory of Prussianism. The forces of democracy that were generated by the war can now no more be spelled away than the war dead can be given back to life. Those crude forces may be misdirected. They may be weaned from democracy to reaction. But their existence, their ponderable and imponderable manifestations, are as irrevocable as bullets fired in France. What calls for discussion, as Mr. Angell undertakes it, is not the killing off of Bolshevism but the understanding of the forces behind it, the form that the revolution or reconstruction is likely to have in the United States, and how that form will be related to the form of the revolution in Britain.

"Revolution can't touch the United States. If it raises its head in this country, it will be—deported!" This is the firm persuasion of thousands of Americans. But an equally firm persuasion on the part of the British has not deprived Britain of its revolutionary legacy from the war—and, whatever America's failure to prepare itself, the example of Britain is there.

Mr. Angell's argument does not depend on his will to believe. It goes straight to the lesson of collectivism that was taught to Britain and America by the war. "The war has accomplished the necessary preliminary to any form of Socialism: it has demonstrated in material terms the economic feasibility of the method of common ownership or control of the means of production and distribution." This is a fact which it is futile to deny. Why must it lead to revolution or reconstruction? Because the collectivism exists and is necessary, and the transition from it is under surveillance. A "war for democracy" has been fought and won. Can the people of Britain or America be cheated? Only in one way. "The danger that the power gained by the State in war may be used to the ends of enslavement is a very real one; and the fight between those who hope to use collectivism as an instrument of real liberation, and those who hope to make of it a means whereby the Nation-State may assume still greater powers of coercion and repression, will be a bitter one."

Is not the political democracy of Britain a sufficient pledge of justice to labor? British labor, with a thousand years of struggle behind it, has no illusions about the vote. "Mere political democracy had so failed to give to the millions who worked in our factories, mines, and fields, any real control over their own daily lives as to make the parade of political freedom often a cruel irony." Programmes of economic freedom go far deeper. They are now the daily meat of British labor, and they amount to revolution in the realm of private property. The universal enforcement of a national minimum, the democratic control of industry, the revolution of national finance, the conscription of surplus wealth for the common good—these are clear principles that the ordinary British trade unionist has now taken hold of, and to elude them is beyond the most slippery of statesmen.

But why must America follow suit? Mr. Angell replies by indicating that here too we have had the experience of collectivism. Americans may have no opinion as to guild socialism, no opinion as to syndicalism. Mr. Gompers may still be unready to see anything in the problem of labor but a problem of wages and hours. But if the wage system comes to be transvalued in England, if the status of labor ceases to be servile there, how will labor in the United States respond? Unless it has already achieved political power (hard to achieve under the revered but somewhat senile Constitution), Mr. Angell foresees a gain for the impossibilists. And if the impossibilists are thus indirectly encouraged by laggards like Mr. Gompers, the result will be a greater upheaval in the end.

So much is perhaps generally accepted. It is clear everywhere that wages and hours are no longer the main issue with labor. The unions must eventually set about running the industries of the country, even though the National Civic Federation prevails on some labor men to suck a rubber comforter of "cooperation" instead. But before the unions can run the industries of the country, before women as consumers can secure the benefit of political power, the great fight must be fought and won against the doctrines of coercion and repression. That is the fight which Mr. Angell interprets so well, the fight for ordinary freedom of discussion. It involves more than a preliminary to the actual management of industry by the workers and the actual ownership or control of the means of production and distribution by the state. It means the establishment, under the circumstances of reconstruction, of a healthy balance of mind. It

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requires a triumph over the illusions and superstitions and barbarians and brutalities that infest human nature on both sides of the conflict for power. And the triumph carries with it not merely a release of intelligence and energy, but a proof that dangerous frustration is no longer promised and no longer desired.

Mr. Angell's emphasis on free discussion may seem singular, considering the black indignities and injuries that now threaten vast groups of human beings. But in asserting the social necessity of free discussion Mr. Angell bases the case for freedom on grounds psychologically sound. Without free discussion, he rightly maintains, authority itself becomes perverted and "collective suicide" invites humanity. Snobs may believe that society can be directed by the élite alone. That too is a fallacy that Mr. Angell exposes. Leave the science of government to experts? he asks; and answers, "What is the function of learned and authoritative persons? It is to do the best for the bootblack in this world and the next. But if the bishop is separated from his wards by his learning, his intellectual pride in his own conclusions, his class interest even, he is no fit judge of the needs and the conditions of the bootblack. And the bootblack himself is no fit judge of his own case even, if he has lost the habit of private judgment. That is why slaves have been generally in favor of their own slavery; and have so often fought to prolong it." Discussion, regardless of authority or dogma, alone can ensure society against explosion.

"The Political Reformation in Europe will come by questioning, for instance, the whole philosophy of patriotism, the morality, or validity, in terms of human well-being of a principle like that of 'my country, right or wrong'; by questioning whether a people really benefit by enlarging the frontiers of their State; whether 'greatness' in a nation particularly matters; whether the man of the small State is not in all the great human values the equal of the man of the great Empire. Whether the real problems of life—not alone for the Boers or Quebec Frenchmen or the millions of India, but for the Europeans as well—are greatly touched by the color of the flag. Whether we have not loyalties to other things as well as to our State." And so on.

We hear a good deal of Anglo-American understanding. If ever there was an Englishman who worked for real understanding between England and the United States, it is Norman Angell. It is not his method, naturally, to seek a formal agreement between the two governments. No one knows better than he that the sound basis of agreement lies deeper than governments, must rise into governments from sources far below statesmen and publicists and experts, and the fine ladies who sip the honey of public men. It is from selfless, disinterested, dispassionate pursuit of similar ideals that the Anglo-American alliance must spring, and Mr. Angell's British Revolution is a pledge of those common ideals.

F. H.

Salem Revisited

Java Head, by Joseph Hergesheimer, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A ROSY, normal girl, waking to the morning of her eleventh birthday and banishing by taking thought the childish fancy of personality in chairs; an ancient, plethoric sea-captain, angered with the commercial generation of clipper-ships that gather meagrely enough at this failing port of Salem; a trader who has lived too long in China, burned hollow with strange hectic pleasures; the Manchu wife of an American sea-captain, poised and astute is an insoluble situation among the élite of a provincial harbor city; and over these the dimness of dark old weary ways and days—shadowed with obsolete prejudices, and the clouds of settling age—drugged with the stench of forsaken wharves. Spider-web moods, voiced in hushed, intelligent voices; the very children hushed, coming and going with whispers of expectation, memory or regret. Such is the air of Java Head, and such are its people. No other city would have served so well as Salem for the setting were it not that we remember it has served the purpose before. Is it Salem or the tradition about Salem that remains as Hawthorne left it?

But these things are not all of Java Head, nor half its virtues. Hergesheimer has an immense capacity for putting himself in the other fellow's place. Even the task, difficult to the verge of impossibility, of following Taou Yuen through the nuances of aristocratic Chinese reflection that follow her arrival in dowdy, churchly Salem is carried off with a show of likelihood, though this is the weakest twist in the slight history. It is the author's method to tell the story mainly from within the minds of his protagonists, shifting his vantage ground from psyche to psyche as the action calls him. He reveals a virtuosity in human experience quite amazing to the student of narrative method. The happenings are dated in history by the California gold rush and Polk's administration, and about these outstanding facts contributive evidence of the epoch is piled in convincing confusion. It is no easy matter to assume an age so near as 1848, and vastly difficult to work out the inter-relations of character that made up two households in that day. All this is well done in Java Head. It is done by means of half-lights and suggestion. Boldness of execution is entirely foreign to the fabric. Though the plot is coherent and clear it is woven of beginnings and endings, hints and asides. It avoids forthright situations and conclusive struggle, evading you as your own life evades you, even at the end. For the crisis is the almost casual death of Taou Yuen, a tragedy which we understand only by implication, and imperfectly. Our knowledge of the people and events that lead up to it is built of such wavering material that we find ourselves a little at a loss in regard to motives. Let us admit that this too is much like life. The police court may make out clear records, and the jury come to crystal conclusions, yet there has been no perfectly explicable murder for the reason that we have only tag-ends of exterior evidence from which to judge. Hergesheimer constructs his world deliberately and artfully of tag-ends. He puts so much attention on details that we find it necessary to invent a whole to fit the parts vouchsafed us, much as a scientist recovers the mastodon from a tangle of wasted bones.

Readers of The Three Black Pennys will find in Java Head an increasing tendency to dodge crucial scenes. And since our beliefs go back so commonly to our capacities it is probably fair to say that the author of Java Head has less dramatic talent than is common in a good novelist, less than he could use to the advantage of his popularity. The interest he rouses in these people of a former time is only faintly personal. There is certainly nothing gripping in a story that progresses by successive pastels, however much we may admire them. It is as if the author rebuked us for demanding drama with the remark that "there is no drama in life. The most momentous things happen merely by the way. Even death is a mild disturbance, like a pebble tossed to sea. The only tragedy is our eternal futility." And as if

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we answered, "We are tired of our own eternal futility. Tell us of somebody who got somewhere whether he lived by it or died. Let a man or woman stand up knowing a vivid want, demanding something, challenging this shifting cosmos, and gaining some finality or fulfillment or defeat. Even the Greeks faced their nemesis with curses; your bloodless folk accept inevitably with a deprecating murmur. Your stage is set for shadows." But we must admit that it is after all a stage of well calculated illusions, of true though faded, disintegrating beauty. It is content to suggest rather than simulate reality. It never affects the pulse nor moves to more than mild sympathy, but it is sincere and adequate in an age that has borne with much bumping and squeaking of pulleys behind the curtain as a prelude to moral rhetoric interspersed with true love and tears.

M. A.

National Guilds

The Meaning of National Guilds, by M. B. Reckitt and C. E. Bechhofer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AT least the theory of guild-socialism is making much headway, and it is beginning to develop the healthy indignation against its opponents which may be taken as evidence of political maturity. It has already a considerable literature, and it is rapidly covering the whole field of social analysis. The present volume is an effort at a general synthesis; and it is, in the main, an interesting and lively book. It lacks, indeed, any sense whatever of the critical appreciation of evidence. It has that fine contempt for ugly, little facts which Huxley explained to be vital to a general hypothesis. It has that deep sense that the world is Mr. Cole's and the fullness thereof which is becoming more and more essential to an understanding of the subject. Like all the literature of guild-socialism, it hates Mr. Webb for his massiveness, his solidity, his superb control of his material, his unwillingness to be converted in the face of patent evidence. The influence upon it is not the influence either of distinguished economists or distinguished philosophers; for the main source of its attitude to life is the novels of Mr. Chesterton and an ignorant volume in which Mr. Belloc tried to show that he was not less effective in his power of generalization than Sir Henry Maine. It has a sweetly familiar air, as of one who takes you by the button-hole; though it bears no deeper resemblance than this to the intellectual methods of Socrates. On the whole, its main value is to show how far its authors have to go before they will have either the fullness of knowledge or the power of argument which will make their hypotheses acceptable to the mass of men.

That is not for a moment to say that the theory of guild-socialism is not an important contribution to our ideas of economic organization. On the contrary, it is clear enough that the orthodox theory of state-socialism is no longer adequate. It has become obvious that the mere transference of ownership from the business man to the government department answers no single one of the human problems involved. What is wanted is the means to satisfy certain fundamental human instincts, and that, it is now certain, can be done only by an organization in which the trade-unions are the basic units of industrial management. For what the worker requires is less higher wages and shorter hours of work than that opportunity to control the day-to-day conditions of his industrial life without which an effective democracy is impossible.

We are already involved in a theory of the state; and even his most eager critics must admit that here, at least, Mr. Cole has done not a little to clarify the issue. For while he suffers from a defective terminology, and an irritating inability to realize that every concept he handles is in fact an historic category, Mr. Cole has at least insistently emphasized that the main business of the state is the protection of men's interests as neighbors. The process of consumption, the rendering of service to geographical units, is that interest which the state above all protects; and, from its angle, the process of production is of minor importance. For the state, therefore, industrial intervention is always made in a frame of mind which deprives it of that supposed impartiality which has been its main title to be heard. What is thus needed is a separate organization of the productive process. The miner must look to the mines, the railwayman to the railroads; and where miner and railwayman have joint interests, joint deliberation can settle the problem in dispute. Not, indeed, that there is not here as elsewhere, a hinterland between the state and trade-unions where common discussion is essential; but that ought not to involve a false assumption of state-sovereignty over every element in the national life. Indeed, it may be argued that few more helpful contributions have been made to the problem of representative government than this emphasis upon the possibility of working out new administrative areas. Nothing is more mistaken than the assumption that merely geographical devolution has anything of real value to offer. The fundamental problem is to relate new sources of public opinion to the discussion of these issues. The attitude of the

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guild-socialists to the trade-unions is here of great value to creative thinking.

Where they have done little or nothing that is immediately useful is in their analysis of the present situation. They see, and they have shown, that the wage-system is fundamentally evil. They see, and they have shown, that scientific management is at present a grave danger to be fought at every opportunity. They realize vividly the need for stronger trade-unions; and, with the exception of Mr. Webb, no one has pointed out more clearly than Mr. Cole the wasteful stupidity of jurisdictional disputes. But wherever creative effort is at hand that does not actually emanate from themselves, the guild-socialists are suspicious and unhelpful. Nothing is more certain, for example, than the impossibility of restoring trade-union conditions in England; nothing is more necessary than speculation about an adequate substitute for those conditions. It happens that Mr. Webb, in a brilliant pamphlet, has proposed such a substitute; and since Mr. Webb does not happen to belong to the National Guilds League, Mr. Reckitt and his colleagues have nothing to offer except unconditional restoration of regulations that are inevitably moribund. The programme of the British Labor party has, with the exception of the Russian Revolution, stirred the world more profoundly than any event in economic history since the Communist Manifesto; but to Mr. Reckitt and its friends it is antiquated and without substance. The report of the Whitley Committee offers an opportunity to trade-unions not merely for training in the business of industrial management, but also for searching out, by actual experiment, the path to industrial control, the like of which labor has not been offered since the disastrous experiments of Louis Blanc; but to Mr. Reckitt and Mr. Bechhofer it is no more than a snare and a delusion. They are, in fact, so occupied with their Utopia that it does not seem to occur to them that events will happen in our own lifetime, and that the concrete and immediate happiness of living men and women is not a thing likely to be sacrificed to the joys of the ultimate existence.

This complete absence of presentmindedness comes out the most lamentably in their discussion of reconstruction. For them its possibilities are the merest mirage. They are so occupied with Mr. Cole and Mr. Orage that they do not seem to be aware of the significance of Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Arthur Henderson. The vital fact at the moment is that the trade-unions, while not for one moment abandoning the path of economic action, are confident that the new electorate will bring new meaning, and to their advantage, in the political process. The dangers of undiluted reliance upon economic action are so immense that the political method has, in its new synthesis at least, the right to be tried. No one believes that the present coalition government is destined to endure for any length of time; and the immense possibilities involved in the last election for labor are at least worthy of investigation. The vital need of labor is certainly exactly that training in the ways of state that seems to lie open at the present hour. No one has the moral right to avoid experiment in favor of a hypothesis which has yet to be tested. The theory of guild-socialism is a brilliant addition to the possibilities of a more creative state adventure; but its methods of propaganda savor at every point of personal bias and intellectual immaturity. The guild-socialists have yet to realize that the materials with which they are to work are largely predetermined. It is only when they come to see the inevitability of adaptation instead of catastrophe that they will command the assent of trained and tested experience.

H. J. L.

India in Transition

India in Transition: A study in Political Evolution by His Highness, the Aga Khan. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. $4.50.

HIS Highness, the Aga Khan, is an eminent Indian Muslim. He belongs to the theocratic aristocracy of Islam, has vast property, princely income, and a great following. He was the President of the All-India Muslim League for a number of years and headed the movement for a Mussalman University in India. He possesses the confidence of the British to a high degree and is considered a Liberal among Conservatives.

The Aga Khan is a much travelled and well read man. Most of his time he spends in Europe, moving among the highest social circles, and mixing with all sections of the European aristocracy. Coming from the pen of such a man, the book under review is a quite remarkable production—remarkable for its frank and outspoken criticism of the existing system of administration in India, and remarkable for its suggestions for the future.

The chapters on Army and Navy, on Industries and Tariffs, on Credit and Commerce, and Education are especially illuminating. The views expressed therein are generally in accord with those of the Indian Nationalists, only more suavely expressed. Protests against existing disabilities are subtly and inextricably intertwined with pleas for the removal of racial and religious barriers in the public services, for the setting up of an economic and industrial policy solely in the interests of India and independent of the veto of the British manufacturer, for the fiscal independence of the government of India, for complete legislative, administrative and fiscal autonomy to the provinces, and for the free, compulsory and universal education of the masses. In the chapter on the depressed classes the Aga Khan gives a conclusive reply to those who maintain that because of its caste divisions India is unfit for self-government. "The answer is that in a country without compulsory education and without a form of government giving all classes the subconscious self-respect afforded by the possession of a recognized voice in affairs social injustice is inevitable." The remedy suggested is the frank recognition of the principle that "the moral and material development of the people is one of the main duties of the state which requires the setting up of an autonomous system of government in every province, with its large and popular assembly representing all classes and conditions of the people," through "their own representatives." To those who advocate social reform as the necessary condition precedent to political advance, the Aga Khan replies that "only when the government can discuss the situation with representatives of the various classes of the people and not merely with a few privileged orders . . . will India be able to achieve the height of heroic devotion of men and means to the public health, without which she is to remain, in the realm of social efficiency, one of the most backward of the great countries of the world."

In general politics the Aga Khan is a monarchist. He believes in the kingly office, and wants a viceroy from the royal family, nominated by the king. He would keep the office of the viceroy separate from that of the governor-general; the former more for ceremonial and social purposes, and the latter occupying the position which governors-general in Canada and South Africa do. He would let the governor-general nominate his cabinet, without distinction of color, race and creed. Under his scheme the

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provinces would be absolutely autonomous states on the same level as the semi-independent existing native states of India are, with a governor for each appointed by the British secretary of state. He would have the office of the governor-general and the governorships thrown open to the Indians. On the military side he pleads for a native militia on Swiss lines and an Indian navy.

The Aga Khan's vision is not confined to a Federal India only, but extends to " a South-Asiatic Federation " including Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet, Burmah, Ceylon—all under the suzerainty of Britain. He looks forward with hope to this " Free South Asiatic Federation of Tomorrow as one of the great dominions of that free union of nations of which Great Britain is the heart and the King-Emperor the beloved head."

Altogether it is an exceedingly fascinating book which the Aga Khan has written. It shows the wonderful political awakening of India, in a concrete form, as vividly as nothing else, perhaps, does. The light of modern ideas has penetrated places and heads, which, a few years ago, were considered quite safe on the time-honored tradition of absolute unquestioned loyalty to the ruling class.

LAJPAT RAI.

The Poets of Today, by Howard Willard Cook. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.50.

THERE is no telling when a book may give pleasure. There are so many kinds of people and pleasures. It is possible to read Mr. Cook on modern American poets with amazed and mounting delight, but one cannot recommend the book to others. You must love it, in short, for the mistakes it makes, for the difficulties it fails to surmount. It is criticism of that too gracious variety that will find fault with nobody, not even with its own unblotted lines. What it finds to say about the poets that figure in its pages is completely negligible from first to last; what it quotes from them in the way of verse is clipped quite without discretion; the arrangement may well have been a matter of mere chance. If this were all we should leave it without more words. But fate or metaphysical aid has raised it by a series of perfect blunders and unbelievable juxtapositions from the simply banal to the height of the ridiculous. It becomes the handbook of all that is most absurd in criticism. Perhaps the finest touch of humor is evidenced in the publication verbatim of what the poets have been lured into saying about themselves. Whatever they sent in—notes, data, or extensive autobiographical record—is seemingly given in full. If they had all expected this was to be done there would be nothing exciting about it, but some of them certainly had no such expectation, and others had it all too evidently. Let us hope that few serious, judicious readers will come across these pages to grieve; that many will appreciate it for what it unintentionally is—a rollicking satire upon our gaudy poetical assumptions.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English publicist and author. Was British Relief Agent in Macedonia 1903-4 and a member of the Carnegie Commission in the Balkans in 1913, besides doing much work in Turkey and the Balkans as newspaper correspondent, usually for the Manchester Guardian.

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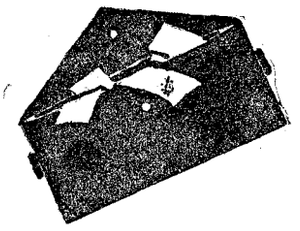

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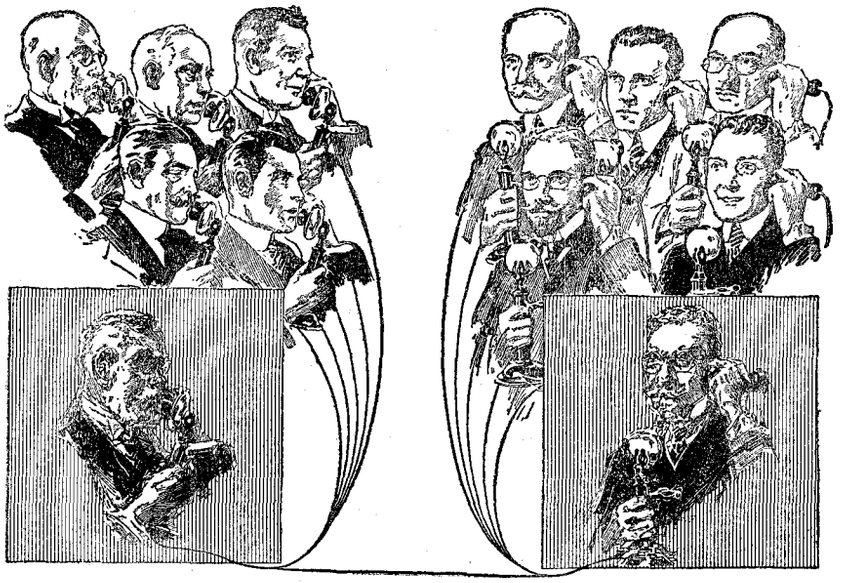

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